

GUY DELISLE

SHENZHEN

A TRAVELOGUE FROM CHINA





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DRAWN & QUARTERLY BOOKS
MONTRÉAL

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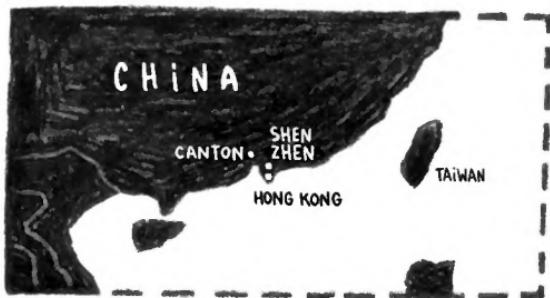
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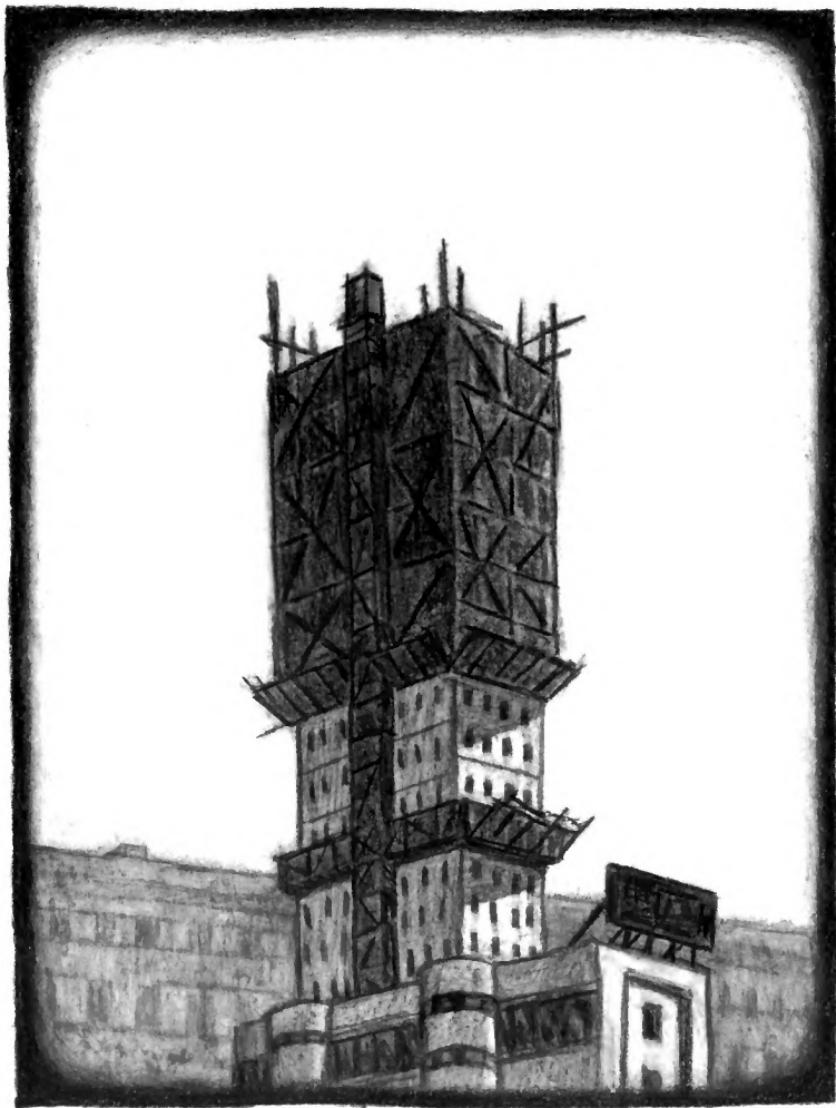
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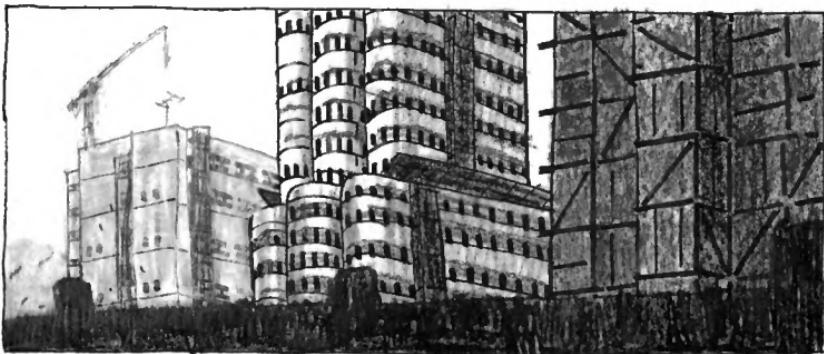
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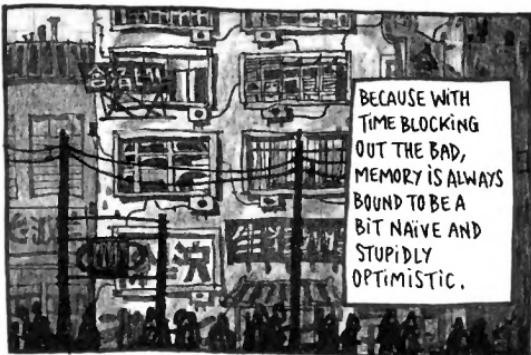




I REDISCOVER WHAT I'D FORGOTTEN: THE SMELLS, THE NOISE, THE CROWDS, THE DIRT EVERYWHERE.



I REALIZE THAT I'D
REMEMBERED ONLY THE
GOOD THINGS... HOW
EXOTIC IT WAS...



I'LL BE LIVING IN A HOTEL FOR THREE MONTHS, IN
A ROOM JUST LIKE MY LAST ONE.



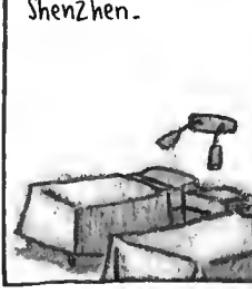
IN FACT, THERE IS ONLY ONE
KIND OF HOTEL ROOM IN CHINA...



Zong Shan Hotel,
Nanjing.



Great Wall Hotel,
Shenzhen.



Holiday Inn,
Canton.



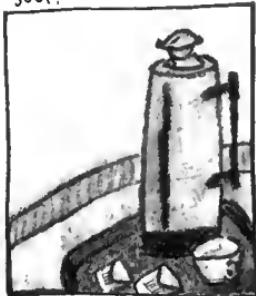
Oriental Regent,
Shanghai.



Victoria Hotel
Canton.



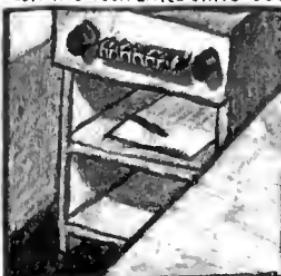
HOT WATER FOR TEA OR SOUP.



THE SPOUT IS BADLY DESIGNED, SO WATER DRIBBLES EVERYWHERE.



AND ALWAYS, A PANEL OF BUTTONS BETWEEN THE TWO BEDS TO CONTROL YOUR LITTLE UNIVERSE.



CLICK



CLICK



CLICK



CLICK

AH,
THERE
IT IS.





DON'T LOOK, IT'LL
JUST DEPRESS
YOU.

WELL, GOOD LUCK.
IT'S ONLY GONNA
GET WORSE.

BY THE
WAY, 23 HAS
TO BE CHECKED
FOR TOMORROW.

YOU HUNGRY?
WANNA GRAB
A BITE?

AFTER LUNCH, I GO BACK TO THE STUDIO.



FOR WELCOMING YOU, CHIEF
MANAGER LIKE TO INVITE
YOU TO EAT.

交 流 風 险
控 制 经 驚
展 望 期 未
发 展 景 场

UH...ACTUALLY,
I JUST ...

HELP YOURSELF
PLEASE, EAT
FOOD...



FOR A MODERN CITY NEXT TO HONG KONG,
SHENZHEN HAS VERY FEW BILINGUAL CHINESE...



THERE'S NO UNIVERSITY OR CAFÉ FOR ME
TO MEET YOUNG PEOPLE INTERESTED
IN THE WEST.

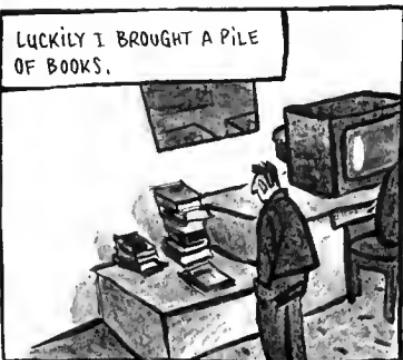


PEOPLE COME HERE TO DO BUSINESS. AFTER
A DAY OR TWO OF MEETINGS, THEY HEAD
BACK TO HONG KONG.





LUCKILY I BROUGHT A PILE
OF BOOKS.



Until then,
keep your chin up,
forget your sensitivities
and observe people.
especially those nearest you.
You'll enjoy it.
I guarantee that you're in
for a pleasant surprise.



from the novel *Carrot Top*
by Jules Renard

ONE DAY OVER LUNCH, I TRY TO
GET TO KNOW MY TRANSLATOR.



AFTER THE MEAL, SHE COVERS
HER MOUTH WITH ONE HAND WHILE
USING HER
TOOTHPICK.



SHE DIDN'T ASK A SINGLE QUESTION ALL THROUGH THE MEAL. I WAS MORE INQUISITIVE AND TRIED TO LIVEN THINGS UP.





WEEKS LATER, I REALIZE IT'S THE HOTEL LAUNDRY SERVICE.



HOTEL FOOD IS MORE EXPENSIVE, OF COURSE, BUT YOU GET SERVICE (TOO MUCH FOR MY TASTE). IN GENERAL, THE MORE WAITRESSES THERE ARE, THE CLASSIER THE PLACE.



AFTER EVERY SIP, MY CUP GETS A REFILL. THE CONSTANT ATTENTION IS DISTRACTING AT FIRST, BUT YOU LEARN TO IGNORE IT. BECOMING BOURGEOIS MUST START LIKE THIS.



Hmm...
THE TEA
ISN'T BAD...
OOLONG,
IF I'M
NOT
MISTAKEN



EXCEPT THE GUY AT THE RESTROOM DOOR. I NEVER DID GET USED TO HIM.



ON MY WAY DOWNTOWN TO THE BANK, I NOTICE A STRANGE BUILDING, SOME 15 STORIES HIGH WITH NO WINDOWS. A LARGE GRAY CONCRETE SLAB, BIZARRE.



DURING MY STAY, I LOOKED FOR THE STRANGE CUBE A FEW TIMES TO PHOTOGRAPH IT, BUT I NEVER FOUND IT AGAIN... IT HAD VANISHED.



IN THE CITY STREETS, CRIPPLES BEG BY KNOCKING THEIR FOREHEADS ON THE GROUND.

ACTUALLY, THEY'RE FAKING. THEY STOP BEFORE HITTING THE PAVEMENT, BUT WITH THEIR LONG HAIR YOU CAN'T TELL.

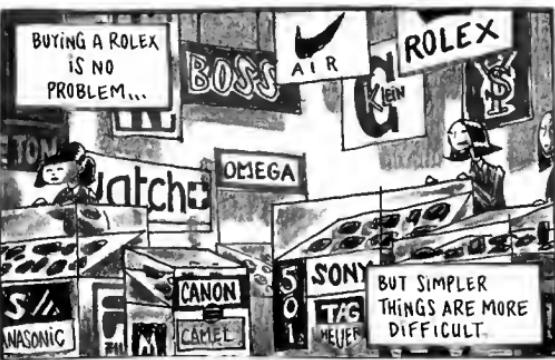


IF THEY WERE HITTING THE GROUND, YOU'D HEAR SOMETHING... BUT YOU DON'T.



SHOPPING IS THE MAIN PASTIME HERE. IN FACT, IT'S THE ONLY PASTIME.

STRANGELY ENOUGH, ALL YOU SEE ARE BRAND NAMES, AND THEY'RE NOT CHEAPER HERE THAN ANYWHERE ELSE.



IT TOOK ME THREE DAYS TO FIND A STORE SELLING KITCHEN KNIVES SO I COULD CUT MY APPLES AT THE HOTEL.



AT THE BANK

STANDING IN LINE IS NOT A CLEAR CONCEPT IN CHINA. LEAVE A SPACE AND IT'S LIKELY TO BE FILLED.



THE TELLER CLIPS TOGETHER MY PASSPORT, THE CASH AND A RECEIPT... AND BING!



A LITTLE RUBBER STAMP...



FOR THE OPENING OF A KENTUCKY FRIED CHICKEN OUTLET, YOUNG UNIFORMED EMPLOYEES DO A LITTLE PROMOTIONAL DANCE NUMBER THAT HAS A MILITARY FEEL TO IT.



ANOTHER PLOY TO ATTRACT
CLIENTS: LOUDSPEAKERS.



THAT EVENING, THE
STUDIO'S ANIMATION
DIRECTOR AND HIS
BROTHER INVITE
ME TO THE HARD
ROCK CAFE FOR
WESTERN FOOD.



SINCE THEY SPEAK
ENGLISH AS WELL AS
I SPEAK CHINESE,
WE USE OUR
PENCILS.



WHERE I'M FROM:
"T'NA-NADA"



"CANADA BIGGER
THAN CHINA"
"NO CHINA
BIGGER"

CANTON
DO YOU LIVE
IN CANTON?

I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
IT LOOKS LIKE A
SOCCER BALL, NOT
A CITY.

CANTON?

OH, THAT'S
IT!

I SEE



WHERE
THEY WANT
TO GO

MAN-NAN-TAM

NY
"VERY
BIG"

THE MIDDLE
KINGDOM

CHINA

HONG KONG

CANTON?



"PA-LI"
YES, PARIS

WHERE I LIVE
NOW

"MA-SEI"
"..."
THAT'S RIGHT, NEXT TO
MARSEILLES.

"VERY
BEAUTIFUL"
THE EIFFEL
TOWER ...

I DRAW IT
AGAIN



THIS MEANS
NOTHING
TO THEM



NAPOLEON IS EASY.
EVERYBODY KNOWS
HIM HERE,

AND THIS IS
SHENZHEN.
"BORING"
THEY DON'T FORGET TO INCLUDE
TAIWAN IN CHINA.



YUP, IT'S "CAN-TO-NA".
THEY'RE SOCCER FANS
AND THEY WANT TO
TALK WORLD CUP.



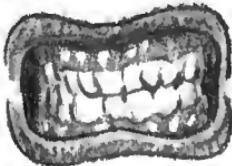
I TREAT MY TOOTHACHE WITH DENTAL FLOSS LEFT BEHIND BY THE LAST DIRECTOR. AN ESSENTIALLY NORTH AMERICAN PRACTICE, IT SHOULD SAVE ME FROM REPEATING THE LAST TRIP'S HARROWING VISIT TO THE DENTIST.



WHY SHOULDN'T I TRUST A CHINESE DENTIST?

I THOUGHT BACK THEN...

I'D HAD THE GREAT IDEA OF GETTING MY WISDOM TEETH PULLED SINCE THEY WERE CROWDING THE REST IN AN UNAESTHETIC WAY.



WANTING TO GET IT OVER WITH AND FEELING CONFIDENT, I FOLLOWED MY TRANSLATOR TO THE DENTAL CLINIC.



IT WAS PACKED...



SHE DISAPPEARED INTO THE CROWD AND CAME OUT WITH AN APPOINTMENT ON THE FIRST FLOOR.



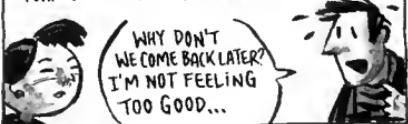
AT THE DOOR, ANOTHER CROWD. ONLOOKERS WERE WATCHING PATIENTS GETTING TREATED INSIDE.



MY TRANSLATOR PUSHED ME, AND I FOUND MYSELF IN FRONT OF ONE OF THE STRANGEST SIGHTS I'D EVER SEEN.



I MUST HAVE BEEN WHITE AS A SHEET WHEN I TURNED TO MY TRANSLATOR TO SAY:



I WAS THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE STUDIO...



I DID GO BACK, BUT AT NIGHT WHEN THERE WERE FEWER PEOPLE AND WITH A FRIEND WHO SPOKE PERFECT CHINESE.



THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO HEAR...

THANKS DOC!

XIE XIE NI

IN THE PROCESS, I'D LEARNED THE CHINESE WORD FOR WISDOM TOOTH AND THE MEANING OF MESIALIZATION: THE NATURAL FORWARD MOVEMENT OF THE TEETH.



I PAID FOR THE CHECKUP ON MY WAY OUT.

THAT'LL BE 25 CENTS...

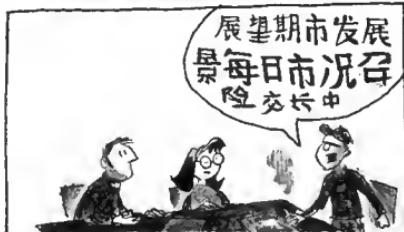
LIKE THE BUS!

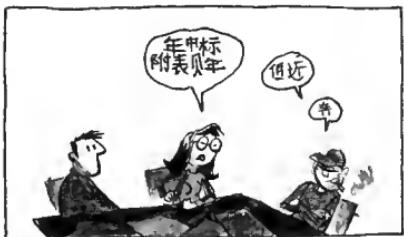
LATER, I SAW WORSE AT A MARKET: A DENTIST WITH A PEDAL-OPERATED DRILL.



I WOUND UP DOING OK WITH MY DENTAL FLOSS. I ONLY HAD A SMALL AMOUNT SO I WENT EASY ON IT...



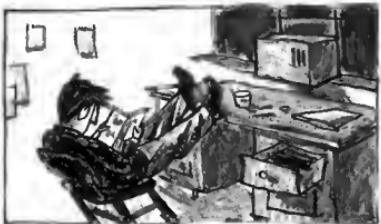




HALF THE ANIMATORS ARE ASLEEP. I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW THEY CAN BE SINCE WE'RE USUALLY OVERLOADED AND THE PLACE SHOULD BE RUNNING FULL TILT ...



I SIT BACK AND WAIT, READING SPIROU COMICS THAT MY EMPLOYER, DUPUIS-ANIMATION, USED TO SEND TO THE FORMER DIRECTOR.



IT'S STRANGE TO SEE IT AGAIN IN CHINA, YEARS LATER.



SAME OLD PICTURES,
SAME LOUSY JOKES
...



I FEEL LIKE I'VE COME ACROSS A PAST ACQUAINTANCE WHOSE INTERESTS HAVEN'T CHANGED SINCE WE WERE KIDS.

HOW ABOUT WE BURN SOME NEWSPAPER? I'VE GOT MATCHES.

OR SET FIRE TO OUR MODEL AIRPLANES.

AND THEN WE'LL STOMP ON THEM

AND I'VE GOT FIRE-CRACKERS, MAYBE WE COULD BLOW UP SOME TURDS INSTEAD.

OR USE A MAGNIFYING GLASS TO ROAST ANTS...

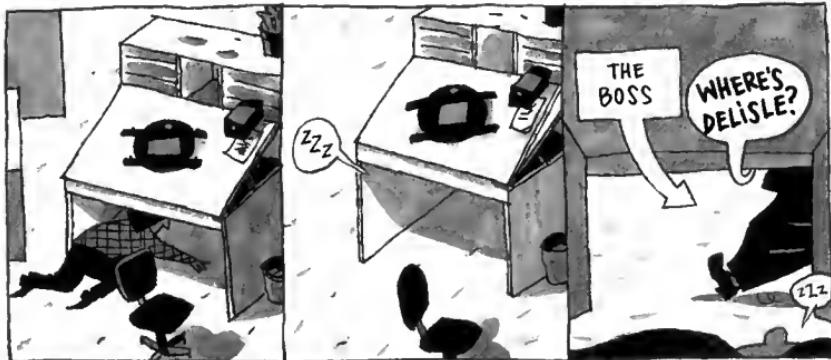
UH...

MONTRÉAL,
1988.

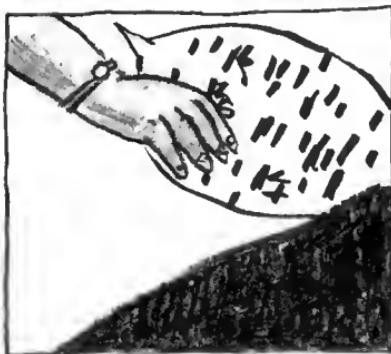
HEY ASH, I'M GONNA HAVE A LITTLE DOZE. I'M BEAT.

SURE MAN... TAKE A NAP...
YOU'LL FEEL MUCH BETTER AFTER.

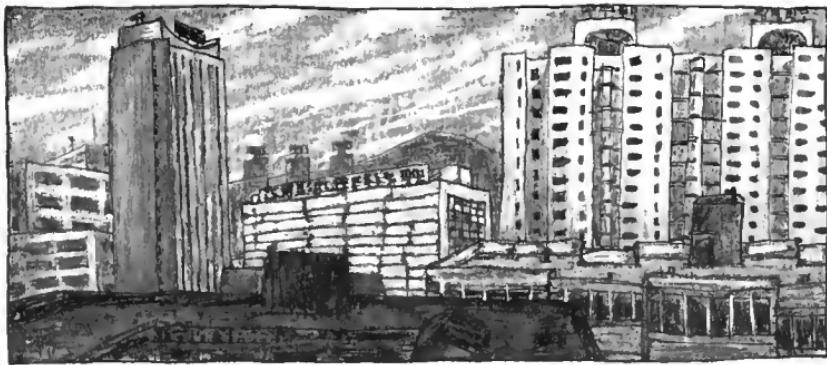




DIFFERENT FOLKS, DIFFERENT STROKES. IN CHINA, YOU CAN PRETTY MUCH SLEEP ON YOUR DESK.







ONE DAY, I STEPPED INTO THE FIRST EATERY I CAME ACROSS. SINCE I COULD ALMOST MAKE MYSELF UNDERSTOOD, I ADOPTED IT FOR MOST OF MY STAY.



GETTING MY ORDER RIGHT INVOLVED A FEW STEPS...



FIRST, I TRIED THE SAME AS THE GUY NEXT TO ME. TOO SPICY... HICCUPS.



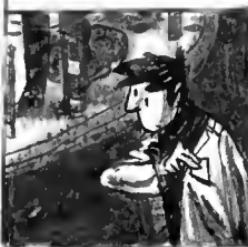
MADE A SPECTACLE OF MYSELF FOR THE OTHER DINERS.



MY SECOND TRY WAS BETTER.
I ASKED FOR THE NAME OF THE
DISH IN WRITING.



THREE TIMES A WEEK, SCRAP
OF PAPER IN HAND, I ATE THE
SAME DISH. WITHOUT HAVING
TO SAY A WORD.



HELLO!

TEA?

THANKS.

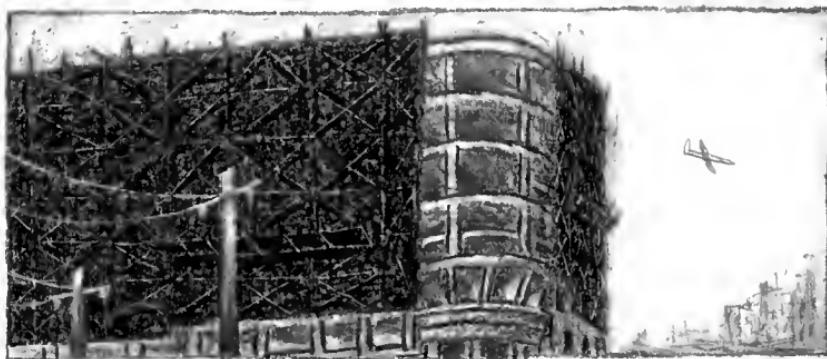
WHAT WOULD
YOU LIKE?

THE USUAL.

THE DISH WITH THE EGG?

EXACTLY.

ENJOY!



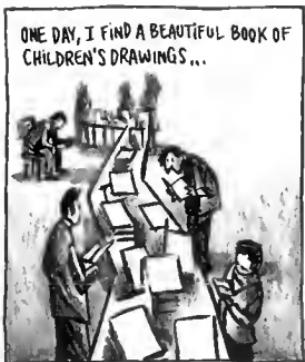


图46 爸爸的像 赵鑫 女6岁



LIKE I'D PLANNED BEFORE LEAVING, I TAKE NOTES ABOUT MY STAY. BUT THE ORIGINAL IDEA OF TURNING THEM INTO A COMIC SEEMS INCREASINGLY VAGUE.



I KEEP AT IT WITHOUT
REAL CONVICTION.
GOING IN CIRCLES IN
A HOTEL ROOM, EVEN IF
IT IS IN CHINA, DOESN'T
SEEM LIKE THE KIND OF
TRIP ANYBODY WOULD
WANT TO READ ABOUT.



BUT SINCE THERE'S NOTHING
ELSE TO DO, I WRITE
A PAGE EVERY
EVENING.



I TRY NOT TO FEEL
SORRY FOR MYSELF,
EVEN AFTER I
READ ABOUT
JOCHEN'S TRIP TO
NEW YORK.



OH MAN...



IN THE WINDOW OF "MAD COW", A
COW WITH FLASHER EYES HOOS
ITS HEAD MECHANICALLY,
FROTHING AT THE MOUTH...

WE EAT CHICKEN WINGS,
LISTENING TO 2 LIVE DJ AND
WATCHING KUNG FU
VIDEOS.

AT "MAA FISH", THE MURALS AND
VIDEOS CHANGE WITH EVERY
EXHIBIT...

IN MY LIFE AS A DOG, YOUNG INGEMAR PLAYS DOWN HIS BAD LUCK BY THINKING ABOUT LAIKA, THE DOG SENT ON A ONE-WAY TRIP INTO ORBIT, DOOMED TO DRIFT THROUGH SPACE.



I THINK ABOUT PEOPLE WHO ARE KIDNAPPED AND HELD CAPTIVE FOR NO REASON, NOT KNOWING WHEN THEY'LL BE RELEASED.



BEFORE LEAVING, I HAD READ AN ACCOUNT BY CHRISTOPHE ANDRÉ, WHO MANAGED TO ESCAPE TO AN EMBASSY AFTER BEING HELD HOSTAGE IN CHECHNYA FOR 111 DAYS. HE SPOKE OF THE SATISFACTION OF HAVING REGAINED HIS FREEDOM ALONE, INSTEAD OF BEING TRADED LIKE A COMMODITY. SURELY THE BEST WAY OUT, PSYCHOLOGICALLY.



IS IT BEING IN A COUNTRY LIKE CHINA THAT'S GOT ME THINKING ABOUT FREEDOM?

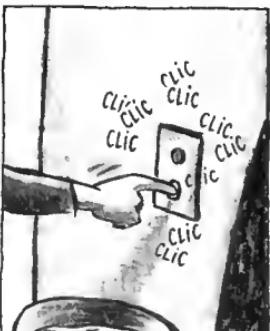
MORNINGS, WHEN THE FLOOR CLERK SEES ME LEAVE THE ROOM, SHE RUNS AHEAD TO CALL THE ELEVATOR. YOU'VE ONLY GOT TO PRESS THE BUTTON ONCE.



BUT SHE KEEPS PRESSING UNTIL THE ELEVATOR ARRIVES. SHE MUST THINK PURE DETERMINATION WILL MAKE IT COME FASTER.



I'D EXPLAIN MY POINT OF VIEW, BUT I DON'T SEE HOW WITH HAND SIGNALS. SO I STAND BACK AND WATCH.





THE DESCENT TO HELL, ACCORDING TO DANTE:

Paradiso
Purgatorio
Vestibule
The River Acheron
Limbo
The River Styx
City of Satah
Malebolge
Inferno

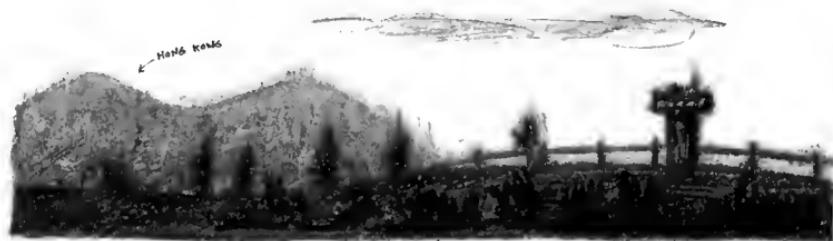
SAME THING, TRANSPOSED TO CHINA:

U S A
HONG KONG
SHENZHEN
SPECIAL ECONOMIC ZONE
THE BIG CITIES
CANTON-BEIJING-SHANGHAI
THE COUNTRYSIDE

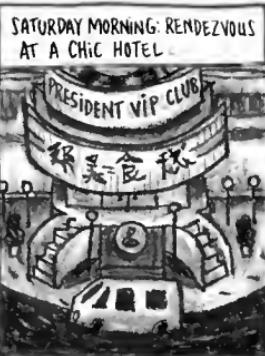
UNLESS YOU'RE AN ILLEGAL OR GETTING PAID UNDER THE TABLE, EACH STEP REQUIRES A VISA THAT'S HARD TO GET, SEEING THAT JUST ABOUT EVERYONE WANTS OUT.



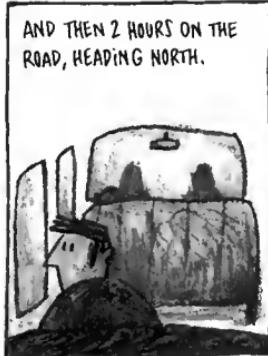
TO THE NORTH FOR EXAMPLE, SHENZHEN IS SEALED OFF BY AN ELECTRIC FENCE GUARDED DAY AND NIGHT BY SOLDIERS IN WATCHTOWERS... I COULD SEE THEM CLEARLY FROM MY WINDOW.



MY FIRST TIME THROUGH THE ELECTRIC ZONE CAME THANKS TO AN INVITATION FROM A STUDIO IN CANTON. A KIND OF BUSINESS TRIP TO SEE A NEW STUDIO STAFFED MOSTLY BY THE BEST OF OUR OWN FORMER ANIMATORS.



AND THEN 2 HOURS ON THE ROAD, HEADING NORTH.



IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE, HUGE CONSTRUCTION SITES RISE OUT OF THE GROUND... GIGANTIC BUILDINGS LIKE CONVENTION CENTERS, BUT WITHOUT A SURROUNDING CITY.



CONSTRUCTION...EMPTY LOTS...CONSTRUCTION... IT GOES ON FOR HOURS. NOT MUCH MORE DEPRESSING THAN THE STRETCH OF HIGHWAY BETWEEN MONTREAL AND QUEBEC CITY.



EXCEPT BACK HOME, IT'S TREES... EMPTY LOTS... TREES...



CROSSING A VIADUCT, I SEE A MAN SQUATTING IN THAT TYPICAL ASIAN WAY, QUIETLY READING HIS NEWSPAPER WHILE BALANCING ON THE RAILING...



CANTON

FINALLY, THE KIND OF CITY YOU SEE IN DOCUMENTARIES.



FROM THE MOMENT I ARRIVE, I'M TAKEN CARE OF. A TRANSLATOR JOINS US AND INTRODUCES ME TO A LOT OF PEOPLE.



AT THE HOLIDAY INN RESTAURANT, I EAT A DELICIOUS SNAKE SOUP...



THE WAITER POURS FRUIT TEA FROM AN ODD-LOOKING TEAPOT.



THE HOTEL MANAGER WELCOMES US BY PRESENTING HIS BUSINESS CARD.



IN CHINA, CARDS ARE OFFERED WITH BOTH HANDS...



AND RECEIVED THE SAME WAY
...



THEN, YOU'RE EXPECTED TO SEEM INTERESTED...



HMM...FASCINATING.

THAT DAY, I TOUR THE STUDIO (MUCH NICER THAN THE ONE IN SHENZHEN), AM BROUGHT BACK TO THE HOTEL AND WANDER AROUND.



THERE ARE LOTS OF PEOPLE, BUT I MANAGE TO BLEND IN, AND THAT'S SOMETHING IN ITSELF.

THERE'S A LOT TO SEE IN CANTON: OLD MARKETS, PAGODAS, MUSEUMS...



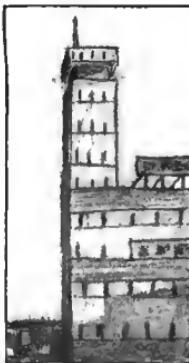
BUT ABOVE ALL, OH JOY... THERE ARE CAFÉS THAT SERVE REAL COFFEE!

HERE, FOR AN EXOTIC
TOUCH, IS A LOOK AT
HOW OUR CHINESE
FRIENDS MAKE
POPCORN.



AND ENJOY!
YUM.





NEXT DAY, I VISIT A TELEVISION STATION, JOINED BY THE BOSS AND A FEW MANAGERS. AT SOME POINT, TALK TURNS TO SALARIES... I EXPLAIN THAT BACK HOME, TECHNICIANS LIKE THOSE WE JUST MET ARE PAID OVERTIME ON SUNDAYS.



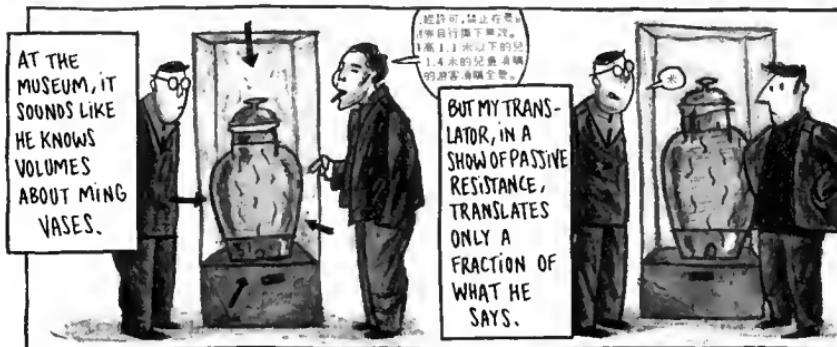
AFTERWARD, IT'S
A TOUR OF THE
CITY WITH THE
TRANSLATOR
AND CHAUFFEUR.



HURRAY!

MY TRANSLATOR MUST HAVE
BEEN TOLD TO STICK WITH ME.
HE EVEN TAGS ALONG TO
THE SHITTER.





FASCINATED, I WATCH THE CHEF FRY UP RICE, CANTONESE STYLE, WITH SHRIMP, EGGS, SOY SAUCE, A BIT OF PEPPER



LATER, AFTER RACING AGAINST THE CLOCK THROUGH CANTONESE TRAFFIC, I MANAGE TO MAKE IT ONTO THE SHENZHEN EXPRESS, THANKS TO OLD BOGIE, THE DRIVER.



THERE, I JUST HAD AN EXCELLENT WEEKEND IN CANTON,

IT WAS GREAT TO MEET A FEW PEOPLE.

TO SEE OTHER SIDES OF THIS CULTURE.

CANTONESE RICE, FOR EXAMPLE. TO MAKE IT JUST RIGHT, YOU'VE GOT TO POUR ON THE SALT. AND IT'S GOOD!

YOU REALLY DO LEARN A HELLUVA LOT WHEN YOU TRAVEL.

AFTER THAT, THE THOUGHT OF GOING BACK TO SHENZHEN IS DEPRESSING.

AND YET IT'S A DREAM CITY FOR MANY IN CHINA.

THINGS SHOULD IMPROVE THE CLOSER YOU GET TO PARADISE.

SAYS DANTE.

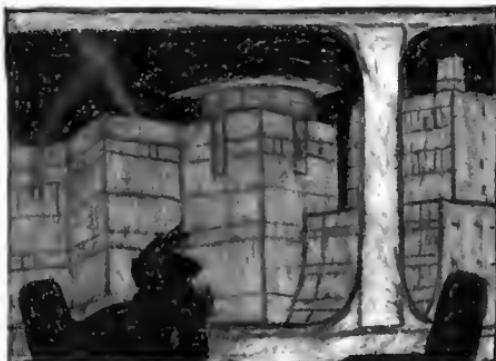
I JUST HOPE THEY DON'T SERVE INSTANT COFFEE IN LIMBO.

IT'S LIKE THAT STUDIO IN REUNION.

YOU'D THINK: TROPICAL PARADISE.

WRONG!

THEY HAD MANAGED TO PUT IT IN THE SEEDIEST PLACE POSSIBLE.



A YOUNG MAN COMES UP AND WE TRY TO CONVERSE.



FACING THE DOOR, THE HOSTESS GIVES A MILITARY SALUTE AS WE PULL INTO THE STATION.



FEELING
A BIT FED
UP, I GIVE
THE THERMO-
STAT A
LITTLE KICK.

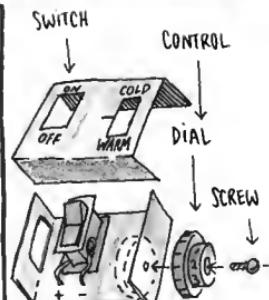


NO, NOT
AT
ALL.

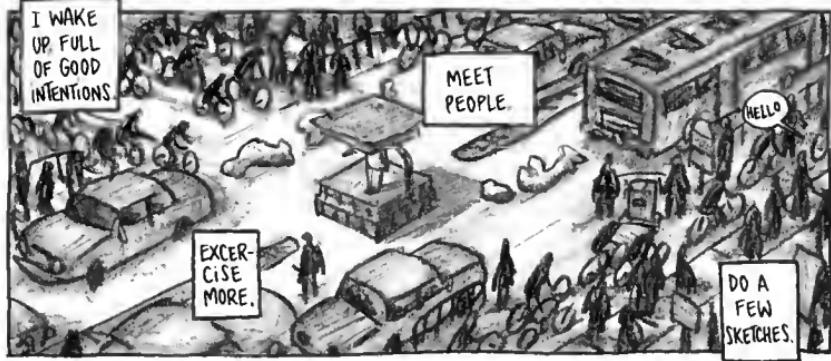
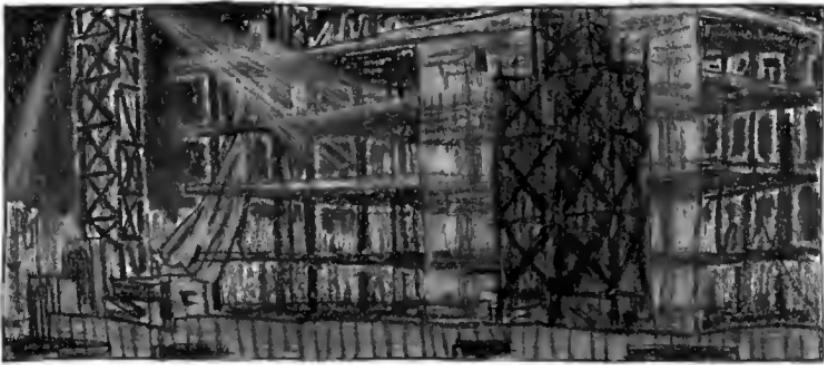


THERE IS NO CAMERA...
AND BESIDES, THE KGB
IS SOVIET, NOT CHINESE.

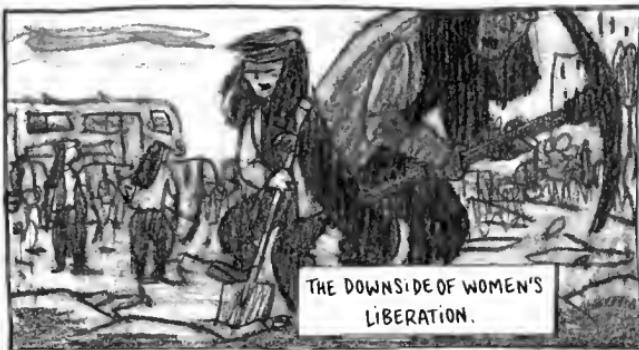
BUT I DISCOVER SOMETHING
ELSE: THE TEMPERATURE
CONTROL ON THE AC DOESN'T
CONTROL A THING. IT'S JUST
A PLASTIC DIAL HELD IN
PLACE BY A SCREW.



COLD AND WARM, MY ASS.



AT THE CORNER,
A GROUP OF
WOMEN REPAIR
THE STREET
WITH PICKS AND
SHOVELS.





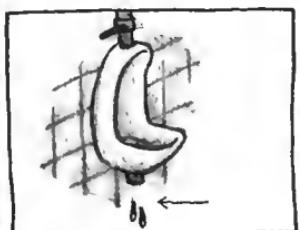
IT'S THE GOOD OLD
CHINESE METHOD: LET
THINGS PILE UP TILL
THE LAST MINUTE SO
THE EPISODE IS CHECKED
AND APPROVED IN A
RUSH.



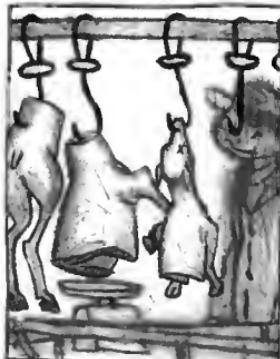
BUT SINCE I DON'T
PARTICULARLY WANT TO
WORK THEIR WAY, I
WALK OUT HALFWAY
THROUGH THE EVENING.



BEFORE LEAVING, I DISCOVER WHY
PEOPLE AT THE STUDIO USE ONLY
THE URINAL TO THE RIGHT.



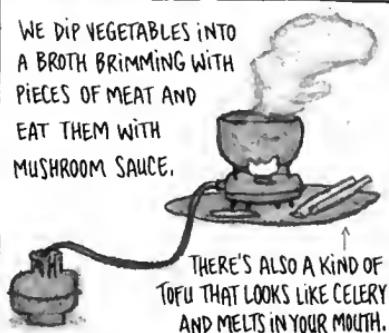
THAT EVENING, I MEET UP WITH CHEUN, MY FRIEND FROM THE TRAIN, AND WE GO EAT DOG AT A RESTAURANT I HAD FOUND.



I'M THRILLED TO HAVE A GUIDE AND HE'S HAPPY TO PRACTICE HIS ENGLISH.



WE DIP VEGETABLES INTO A BROTH BRIMMING WITH PIECES OF MEAT AND EAT THEM WITH MUSHROOM SAUCE.



DOG ISN'T BAD. IT TASTES GAMEY, A BIT LIKE MUTTON.



SUDDENLY, THE TABLE NEXT TO US CATCHES FIRE.



THE FLAME CRAWLS DANGEROUSLY DOWN THE RUBBER HOSE.



LUCKILY, A HEROIC WAITER TURNS OFF THE GAS IN TIME. WE DRINK TO OUR BRUSH WITH DEATH.





I PASS BY MANY ODD SHOPS
ON MY WAY TO WORK.



THERE ARE A FEW
THAT SELL SAFES
AND INSTANT
SOUPS.



WHICH SAYS A LOT ABOUT THE CONCERN'S OF THE AVERAGE CUSTOMER.

A SAFE AND
TWO SOUPS,
PLEASE.



THEY'RE ALL GREEN WITH LITTLE
DECORATIONS IN THE CORNERS,
LUCKY LUKE STYLE.



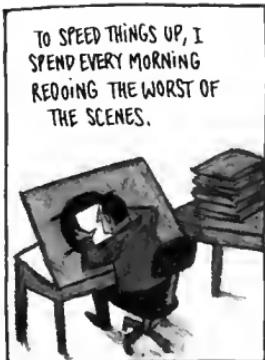
THERE'S ALSO A
SURREAL FASHION
ALLEY.



THE VENDORS DISPLAY THEIR COLLECTIONS ON THE SAME TWO MANNEQUINS, ALL PLACED THE SAME WAY
ON EITHER SIDE OF THEIR SHOPS. A KIND OF MILITARY FASHION PARADE, BUT STATIONARY.

IT'S LIKE BEING IN A MUSEUM.







BASICALLY,
EVERYTHING
DEPENDS ON
THE STORYBOARD.

THE BETTER
IT'S DRAWN,
THE BETTER
THE EPISODE ...



WHEN IT'S
A MESS,
ANYTHING
CAN HAPPEN.

EPISODE 16

- THÉI TURNING TO LOOK FORWARD,
INTO POSE, STARING TO OFF
SCREEN
- PAPYRUS GESTURE TO OFF SCREEN,



EPISODE 16

0:02.50

6:58:38

62

(REUT BG 116 SERRE OUT FOCUS)

Tiyá smiling Papyrus surprised

67 - RAOUSET (tired and out of breath)(OFF):
Oh, my aching bones...

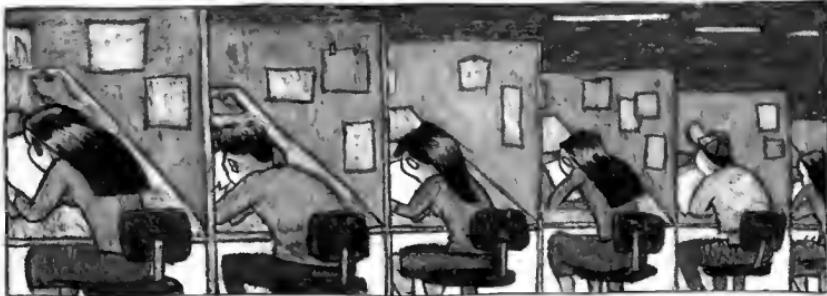
TO CUT AN ADDITIONAL JOB, THE PRODUCTION TEAM ASSIGNED LAYOUT TO THE CHINESE.



RESULT:
THERE IS NO LAYOUT TEAM.
INSTEAD, ANIMATORS
WORK FROM PHOTOCOPY
ENLARGEMENTS OF
STORYBOARD PANELS.

WHICH IS HIGHLY UNORTHODOX
IN TERMS OF PRODUCTIVITY.

WHEN I CAME TO MONTPELLIER IN 1990, 3 STUDIOS THERE EMPLOYED ANIMATORS.



TEN YEARS LATER, ANIMATORS ARE VIRTUALLY OBSOLETE, AND LAYOUT HAS MET THE SAME FATE.

IT'S TOO BAD. ANIMATION USED TO BE A NICE PROFESSION.



BECAUSE IF YOU CAN MASTER THE BASICS OF MOVEMENT, YOUR OBSERVATIONAL SKILLS IMPROVE DRAMATICALLY THANKS TO YOUR BIONIC EYE.



REGULAR
EYE



ANIMATOR'S
EYE

WITH
30% MORE
RETINAL
PERSIST-
ENCE!

TAKE AN ANIMATOR IN A PARK...



PASSER-BY



PIGEON



LEAF



DOG



BIKE



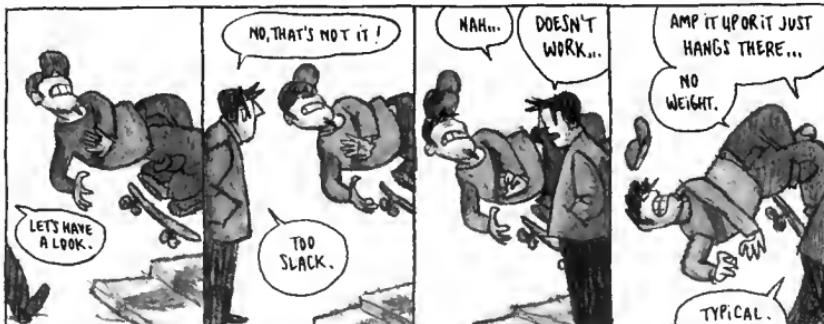
PASSER-BY



FLAG

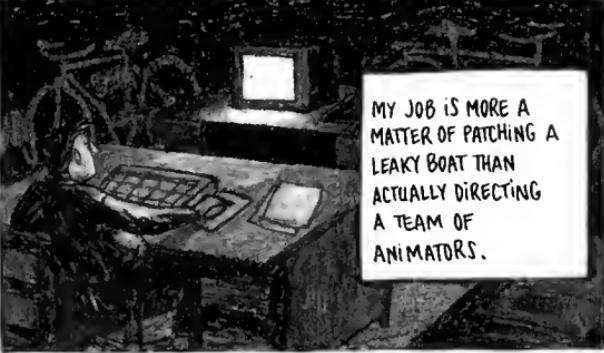
EVERYTHING INVOLVING MOVEMENT TAKES ON ADDED SUBTLETY.

WITH PRACTICE, AN ANIMATOR CAN EVEN MAKE TIME STAND STILL FOR A MOMENT.



WITH SUB-CONTRACTING,
ANIMATION QUALITY
HAS TAKEN A HIT.

BUT SINCE THIS IS
A TV SERIES,
"IT'LL DO", AS
THEY SAY.



MY JOB IS MORE A
MATTER OF PATCHING A
LEAKY BOAT THAN
ACTUALLY DIRECTING
A TEAM OF
ANIMATORS.



MY STOMACH
HURTS. MUST BE
THE COFFEE.

CHINA HAS THE
UNFORTUNATE RE-
PUTATION OF BEING
THE FILTHIEST COUN-
TRY ON EARTH.



AH!...

STILL NO
WATER.



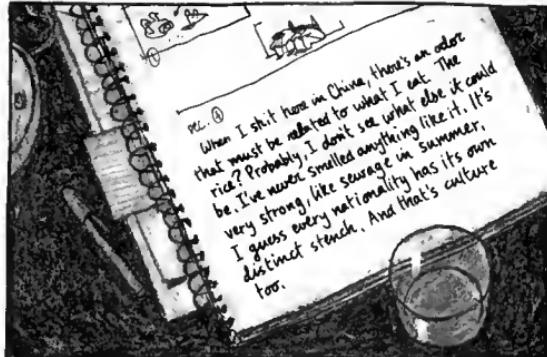
SPECTACULAR, BUT YOU
GET USED TO IT... IT
BECOMES NORMAL...
EVEN THE SMELL THAT'S
SO REPULSIVE AT FIRST
TAKES ON SUBTLETIES
THAT YOU COME TO
APPRECIATE.



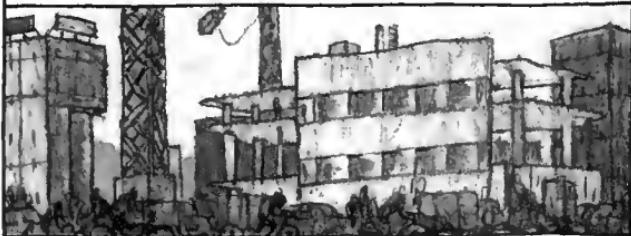
HMM...

... VERY
COLORFUL
TODAY.

BACK AT THE HOTEL, THE DAY'S EVENTS INSPIRE A FEW THOUGHTS THAT I JOT DOWN BEFORE GOING TO BED.



THIS SATURDAY MORNING, I HAVE A SUDDEN URGE TO GET ON MY BIKE, MAKE MY WAY THROUGH THE CITY AND EXPLORE CHINA'S COUNTRYSIDE ... BASICALLY, THERE'S NOTHING ELSE TO DO.



AFTER A GOOD TWO HOURS OF HARD WORK, I'M BLOCKED BY A RAMP THAT MERGES WITH A HIGHWAY. I TURN AROUND.



GREAT WEEKEND.



NEXT DAY, I VISIT THE CITY'S ONLY TOURIST ATTRACTION WITH CHEUN.



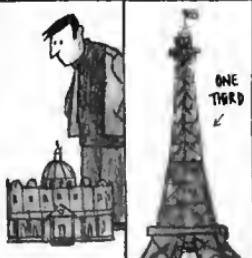
"WINDOWS OF THE WORLD", A THEME PARK OFFERING LOCALS A CONDENSED TOUR OF THE WORLD.



IT'S GOT ALL THE GREAT MONUMENTS.

BUT 19 TIMES SMALLER.

EXCEPT THE EIFFEL TOWER.



JONATHAN SWIFT WOULD HAVE LIKED THIS.



THE PONT DU GARD.



THE GREAT PYRAMIDS.



THE GRAND CANYON (PLASTIC).



IN AUSTRALIA, A GUY ASKS ME TO POSE FOR A PICTURE WITH HIS WIFE.



MY COMPANION SEEMS
VERY PROUD OF THE
SITUATION...



HER HUSBAND TELLS EVERY-
ONE THAT I'M FRENCH.

THERE'S A DWÉLÉ DANCE
PERFORMANCE IN THE
AFRICA SECTION. I HURRY
OVER. AFRICANS ARE
RARE IN CHINA.



TURN'S OUT THEY'RE CHINESE FROM THE
NORTHWEST (LESS TYPICALLY ASIAN), COVERED IN
SHOE POLISH AND GOOFING AROUND LIKE KIDS.



WOW...

THAT WAS
WORTH THE
TRIP...

DEFINITELY THE HIGHLIGHT
OF THE DAY!

AS WE NEAR THE CERAMIC REPLICA OF
SOUTH SIDE MANHATTAN, MY GUIDE
LIVENS UP...



I TELL HIM ABOUT MY RECENT STAY THERE. WHEN
I DESCRIBE CHINATOWN, HE'S RIVETED, GASPING
IN AMAZEMENT.



NEXT DOOR IS ANOTHER THEME PARK,
"SPLENDID CHINA", DEDICATED TO THE
COUNTRY'S OWN MARVELS.



CHEUN HAS NEVER SET
FOOT THERE, EVEN
THOUGH THIS IS HIS
5TH TIME AT "WINDOWS
OF THE WORLD".



WILL YOU GO
VISIT "SPLENDID
CHINA" ONE DAY?

NO.

IT DOES LEAVE YOU
WITH AN URGE TO
TRAVEL...

I WOULDN'T MIND
SEEING THE TAJ MAHAL
ONE OF THESE DAYS...

WHEN I THINK THAT
ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS
BUY A TICKET...

I CAN GO WHERE
I LIKE...



WE HARDLY EVER
STOP TO NOTICE HOW
AMAZINGLY FREE WE
REALLY ARE.





SHENZHEN IS THE FASTEST GROWING CITY IN THE WORLD.



A DETAIL IN THE STREET REMINDS ME THAT CHRISTMAS ISN'T FAR OFF...



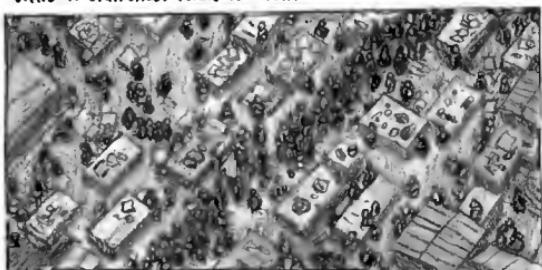
THAT DAY, GOING
BY THE MARKET,
I SAW ONE OF
THE MOST
INcredible
SIGHTS OF MY
TRIP...

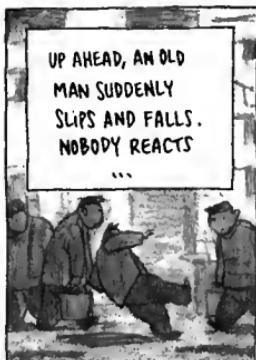


IN CHINA, WHEN A FISH
ISN'T FRESH, IT'S FLOATING
BELLY UP.

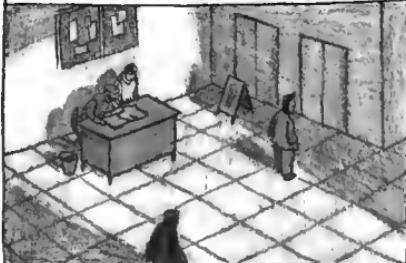


AT THE MARKETS, GARBAGE IS THROWN INTO THE CENTER OF THE AISLES.
IN THE COURSE OF THE DAY, PASSERSBY GRIND IT DOWN UNDERFOOT
UNTIL IT GRADUALLY TURNS TO MUSH.





THE STUDIO IS ON THE 8TH FLOOR. THERE ARE TWO ELEVATORS, ONE OF WHICH IS ALWAYS BROKEN, SO IT OFTEN TAKES FOREVER...



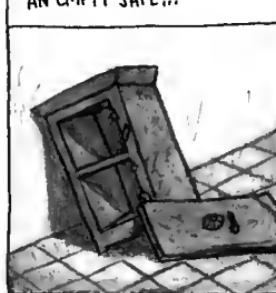
BEFORE LONG, THERE'S A CROWD. I KNOW MOST OF THE PEOPLE AND WORK WITH THEM EVERY DAY, BUT WITHOUT A TRANSLATOR, WE CAN'T COMMUNICATE.



OR ELSE I TAKE THE STAIRS.



ON THE 5TH FLOOR, THERE'S AN EMPTY SAFE...



ON THE 7TH, A COUPLE LIVING IN A CLOSET-SIZED APARTMENT HANGS OUT MEAT TO DRY.



WE SHOULD BE WRAPPING UP AN EPISODE TODAY. THE FOLDERS ARE GETTING TATTERED.



THINGS ARE UNUSUALLY CALM. I FIND AN OLD COPY OF THÉODORE POULIN,* IN WHICH A MYSTERIOUS CHARACTER RECITES A HAUNTING POEM BY BAUDELAIRE ...



BITTER THE KNOWLEDGE WE GET FROM TRAVELING! THE WORLD, MONOTONOUS AND MEAN TODAY, YESTERDAY, TOMORROW, ALWAYS, LET'S US SEE OUR OWN IMAGE AN OASIS OF HORROR IN A DESERT OF BOREDOM.



* COMIC BY FRANK LE GALL

THE PROJECT DIRECTOR I'VE BEFRIENDED TELLS ME HE'S GOING IN FOR LUNG SURGERY...



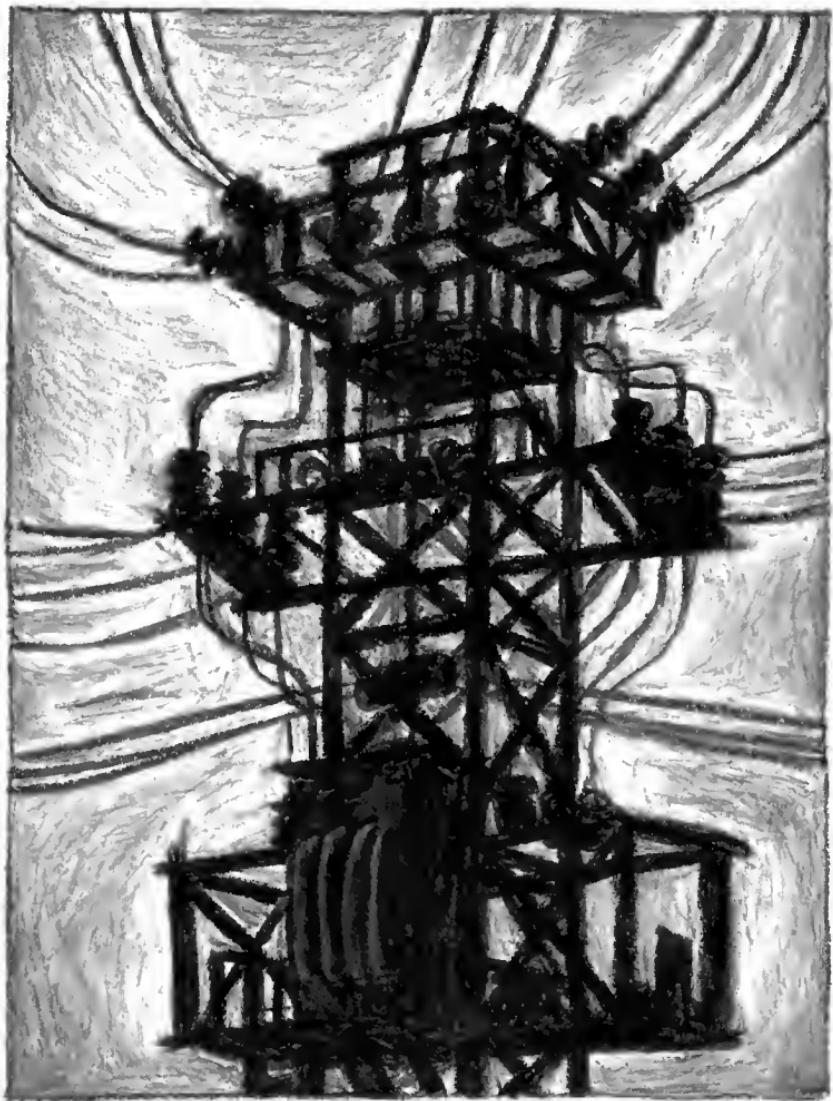
HE HAS BEEN LOOKING UNDER THE WEATHER, POOR GUY...

IN THE TWO WEEKS THAT HE'S GONE, NOBODY SEEMS TO WORRY ABOUT HIM...

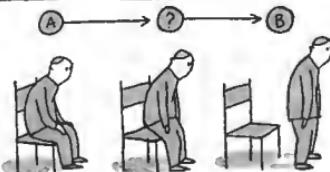


ONE DAY HE'S BACK, LOOKING DRAINED, WITH LONG SCARS ON HIS NECK.

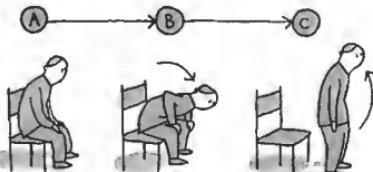




I WAS EXPLAINING TO AN ANIMATOR THAT IT'S PHYSICALLY IMPOSSIBLE TO GET UP FROM A CHAIR THE WAY HE DREW IT.



YOU HAVE TO LEAN FORWARD AND SHIFT YOUR CENTER OF GRAVITY TO STAND UP NORMALLY.



I ENCOURAGED HIM TO GIVE IT A TRY...



HE DID AND...



LATER, I REALIZED THAT HE'D KNOCKED OVER MY COFFEE...



HIS FOLDER WAS WORSE FOR THE WEAR.

I WIPE UP. THERE WAS STILL SOME UNDER THE GLASS, SO I SLID IN BLOTTING PAPER, THEN FORGOT ALL ABOUT IT.



INEVITABLY, MOLD DEVELOPED. I DIDN'T INTERFERE.
DAY AFTER DAY, I ADMIRED THE CHANGING
PATTERNS.



LUNCHTIME, I WAS
EATING LACQUERED DUCK
WHEN A GIRL FROM ANI-
MATION RAN IN, HANDED
ME A GIFT AND
DISAPPEARED.



SHE REPEATED THE MANEUVER
A SECOND TIME, PROBABLY
HOPING FOR FEWER
REVISIONS.



WHEN SHE SAW THAT SHE WASN'T
GETTING ANYWHERE WITH BIG
MACS, SHE TRIED PHOTO ALBUMS
INSTEAD.



GIRL AND TREE
GIRL AND FOUNTAIN
GIRL AND TEMPLE
GIRL AND RESTAURANT
GIRL AND PALACE
GIRL AND CAR
GIRL AND MOUNTAIN
GIRL AND POOL





ALWAYS HER
FACE AGAINST
A VARIETY
OF BLURRY
BACKDROPS.



THERE WAS ALSO
AN ALBUM WITH
MORE CANDID
PHOTOS...



BUT NOTHING
REALLY
SEXY, UN-
FORTUNATELY
...



CLEARLY, MODESTY WASN'T
HER PROBLEM... I LEFT THE
ALBUMS WHERE I FOUND
THEM AND NEVER HEARD
ABOUT THEM AGAIN.



CYCLING, EVEN SLOWLY, IS
A REAL CHALLENGE.

TO MANAGE, YOU FIRST HAVE
TO PUT ASIDE ALL CULTU-
RALLY INGRAINED
POLITENESS.

A FEW BASIC PRINCIPLES
APPLY...

FIRST
PRINCIPLE:
AN EMPTY SPACE
MAY BE FILLED



AT ANY
TIME.



WHICH MEANS PEOPLE CAN CUT
IN WHENEVER THEY LIKE.

SECOND PRINCIPLE:

NOBODY ELSE MATTERS...



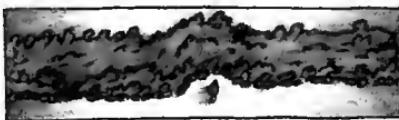
ESPECIALLY OUTSIDE A 5-FOOT RADIUS.

TRYING TO THINK FURTHER AHEAD IS USELESS.



TO CROSS THE STREET: WAIT FOR A SMALL BREAK IN THE FLOW AND INSERT A WHEEL ...

TRAFFIC WILL MOVE OUT AHEAD OF YOU IN AN EFFORT TO PUSH YOU BACK...



PROCEED WITH DETERMINATION... THE FLOW WILL NOW MOVE OUT BEHIND YOU ...

THE WORST IS OVER, YOU'RE DOING FINE.

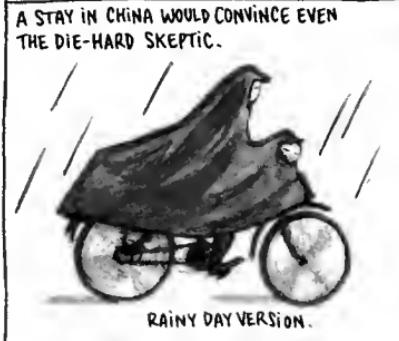


BIKES ARE A SOLUTION THAT'S PERFECTLY ADAPTED TO CITIES.



SUNNY DAY VERSION.

A STAY IN CHINA WOULD CONVINCE EVEN THE DIE-HARD SKEPTIC.

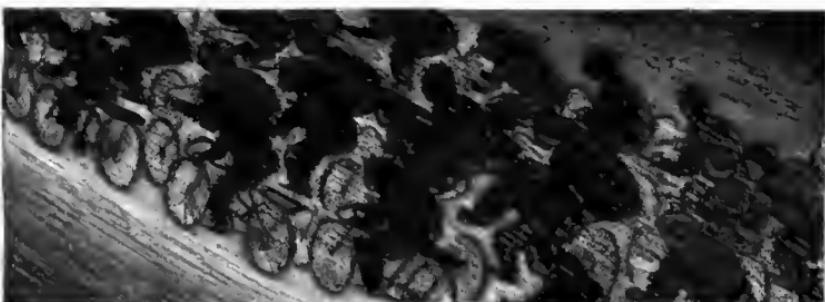


RAINY DAY VERSION.

BEFORE REACHING THE HOTEL, THE STREET SLOPES GENTLY FOR A HALF MILE. YOU CAN LET YOURSELF GO; NOBODY PEDALS.



THE VISUAL EFFECT IS DISTURBING SINCE WE'RE ALL STATIONARY BUT MOVING FORWARD.



I GET THE STRANGE IMPRESSION THAT THE STREET ITSELF IS MOVING. IT'S LIKE THE WORLD IS SPINNING UNDER OUR WHEELS WITHOUT MANAGING TO PULL US ALONG.





THE TV
PICKS UP
TWO KINDS
OF CHANNELS
...

IF YOU SEE SMILING
WORKERS TALKING TO
JOURNALISTS, IT'S THE
NATIONAL CHANNEL

IF YOU'VE GOT A SUPERMODEL AVOIDING
JOURNALISTS AS SHE WALKS DOWN
THE STEPS OF THE OPERA, A SWISS
WATCH ON HER WRIST, IT'S THE
HONG KONG CHANNEL.



ONE GUY AT THE STUDIO WAS
A LIVING CARICATURE OF THE
CHINESE STERETYPE,
GLASSES AND ALL.

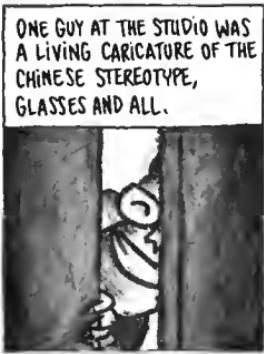
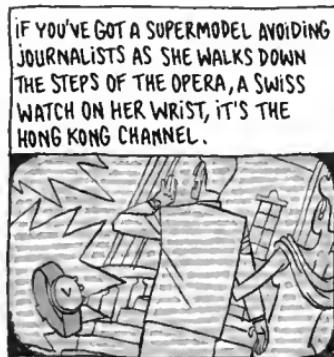


AND SINCE HE REALLY WAS
SHORT, HE WORE HIS HAIR
STRAIGHT UP FOR THE EXTRA
HEIGHT.



ERASERHEAD STYLE.





TODAY'S THE DAY.
AFTER WORK, I'M
GATHERING UP MY
COURAGE TO JOIN
THE LOCAL GOLD'S
GYM... IT'LL GIVE
ME SOMETHING
TO DO IN THE
EVENINGS.



AT THE FRONT DESK, IT TAKES ALL OF FOUR
GIRLS, LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY, TO GET ME
SIGNED UP.



THE WEIGHT ROOM IS
FULL OF PEOPLE.
DAMN, I THOUGHT IT
WOULD BE QUIET. I
DON'T HAVE A CLUE
HOW TO USE THE
EQUIPMENT.
EVEN THOUGH I PEDAL
ALL DAY, I FALL BACK
ON THE BIKES FOR
CREDIBILITY.



AFTER
WATCHING
CAREFULLY,
I TRY THE
TREADMILL
..."

BUT I
CAN'T
GET IT
STARTED!



TO THE
RESCUE.



BEFORE LONG I'M TOTALLY EXHAUSTED, BUT I GET A SECOND WIND AND CONTINUE,



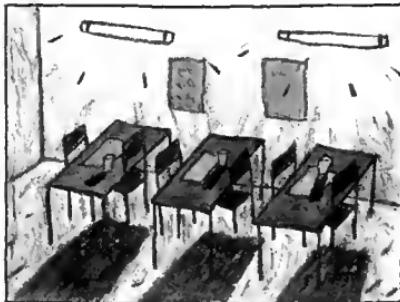
A BIT WILD-EYED, STARING INTENTLY AT A PLANT UP AHEAD THAT, AFTER A FEW



LONG MINUTES, SEEMS TO BE BOUNCING UP AND DOWN AT THE SAME PACE AS ME.



I FIND A TAIWANESE RESTAURANT BY THE GYM. UNLIKE MOST PLACES HERE, IT DOESN'T HAVE THOSE BLOODCURDLING FLUORESCENT LAMPS; THE LIGHTING IS SUBDUED.



I GO BACK EVERY NIGHT FOR A WEEK.

I MEET A LOCAL WHO SPEAKS AN APPROXIMATION OF ENGLISH AND PREDICTABLY HANDS ME HIS BUSINESS CARD.







IT'S LIKE A MOVIE WHERE YOU HEAR THE
PROTAGONIST'S THOUGHTS IN VOICE-OVER.





EVEN IF I LEAVE A MESS IN THE MORNING, WHEN I COME BACK, THE ROOM IS JUST LIKE IT WAS BEFORE.





I'VE INVITED MY TRANSLATOR TO LUNCH AT A RESTAURANT I NOTICED YESTERDAY.



THIS WAY I CAN TRY NEW RESTAURANTS WITHOUT THE KIND OF NASTY SURPRISE I HAD LAST NIGHT:



TODAY I'M IN FOR A NICE SURPRISE: THE PLACE IS A KIND OF CAFETERIA WITH A COOK FOR EACH SPECIALTY, AND I CAN ACTUALLY SEE THE FOOD BEFORE EATING IT, WONDERFUL! I COME BACK OFTEN, AND SOON THE COOKS ALL KNOW ME.



NOODLES ARE MADE EVERY DAY.





UP AHEAD, WE PASS BY A BILLBOARD I'VE
ALWAYS WONDERED ABOUT. I ASK HER WHAT
IT SAYS.



I DON'T QUITE GRASP WHAT CRIMES THEY COMMITTED (THEFT? TRAFFICKING?) BUT I DO
UNDERSTAND THAT THE ONES MARKED WITH A RED CROSS HAVE ALL BEEN EXECUTED.

ACCORDING TO OFFICIAL SOURCES, THERE WERE AN AVERAGE OF FIVE CRIMINAL CONVICTIONS A DAY IN 1997. THE REAL NUMBERS ARE PROBABLY MUCH HIGHER. THE EXACT NUMBER OF EXECUTIONS IS A STATE SECRET IN CHINA.

IT'S SAID THAT CHINESE AUTHORITIES ARE CYNICAL ENOUGH TO CHARGE FAMILIES THE PRICE OF THE BULLET USED FOR THE EXECUTION.



AS PREDICTED, AN ANIMATOR INVITES ME TO SUPPER AT THE END OF THE DAY...



LUCKILY, MY TRANSLATOR IS ALSO INVITED...



CRABMEAT IN ASPIC SERVED WITH SPICY PEANUT SAUCE.

BEEF DUMPLINGS WITH FIVE SPICES.

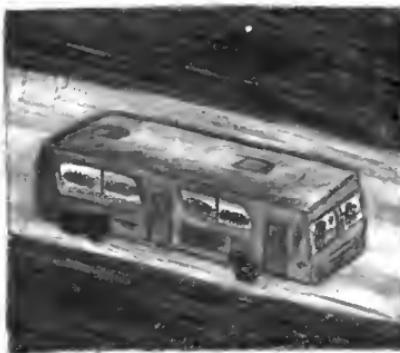
PIECES OF CARAMELIZED POTATO DIPPED IN COLD WATER TO HAROEN AND CRACK THE STRANDS OF SUGAR.

DEEP-FRIED RIBS (WITH LOTS OF FAT). MMM...

IT WAS EXCELLENT. AFTER THE MEAL, WE WERE SUPPOSED TO STOP BY THE "ENGLISH CORNER": A PLACE WHERE I WOULD BE ABLE TO MEET AND TALK WITH LOCALS.



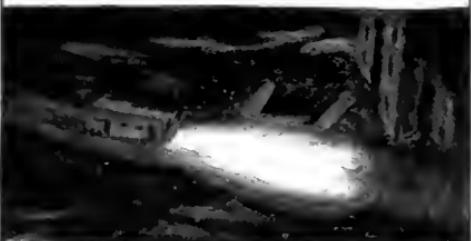
WE'RE OUT OF LUCK. IT'S SHUT.
I WENT BACK A FEW TIMES,
BUT IT WAS NEVER
OPEN.



THE TRANSLATOR HAD TO GO HOME,
SO WE'RE ON OUR OWN...



OUR JOURNEY IS NEVER-ENDING. WE'RE IN THE
OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY NOW, THERE ARE NO
STREETLIGHTS... YOU CAN'T SEE MUCH.



WE GET OFF IN THE
MIDDLE OF A
CONSTRUCTION SITE.



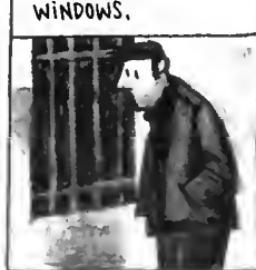
THERE'S A GROUP
OF BUILDINGS,
AND MANY PEOPLE.



HIS APARTMENT IS ON THE FIFTH FLOOR. ALL THE
DOORS HAVE BARS.



SAME HOMEY DETAIL
ON THE
WINDOWS.



THERE IS NO DECOR. THE HOSPITAL-GREEN WALLS ARE NEON-LIT. IT'S TOTALLY BARE EXCEPT FOR A HUGE LEATHER SOFA FACING AN EquALLY Huge TELEVISION THAT HE TURNS ON THE MOMENT WE WALK IN.



IT'S A PHOTOGRAPH OF A FRENCH-STYLE TABLE SETTING, WITH LITTLE PLATES NESTED IN BIGGER ONES, A PORCELAIN TUREEN, SILVER CUTLERY, ETC. - ALL THINGS YOU NEVER SEE HERE... IT MUST SEEM EXOTIC TO HIM.



MUDGY LUMPS
FLOAT ON THE
SURFACE.





THE NEW-AGE MUSIC PLAYING QUIETLY IN THE BACKGROUND HAS A SOOTHING EFFECT.



MIDWAY THROUGH THE VIDEO, HE REALIZES THAT I WON'T BE DRINKING HIS COFFEE.



BUT IT IS FOR HIM. HE STARTS CALLING HIS FRIENDS TO FIND SOME.



HE FINALLY GIVES UP.



HE SHOWS ME PICTURES HE PAINTED BACK WHEN HE TAUGHT FINE ARTS IN BEIJING.



WE TALK PAINTING, AND HE TELLS ME ABOUT AN ARTIST HE REALLY LIKES.



URNS OUT HE MEANS REMBRANDT, BUT IN CHINESE IT DOESN'T SOUND THE SAME.

A LITTLE BLACK AND WHITE REPRODUCTION IN A CATALOGUE IS ALL HE HAS ON HIS FAVORITE PAINTER...



EVEN FOR A
FINE ARTS
PROFESSOR,
FINDING BOOKS
WITH FULL COLOR
REPRODUCTIONS
ISN'T EASY.



WITH CHRISTMAS SETTING THE MOOD, I
TELL HIM THE STORY DEPICTED IN HIS
FAVORITE PAINTING.



BELAUTIFUL BATHSHEBA HAS JUST STEPPED OUT OF HER BATH AND RECEIVED A MESSAGE SUMMONING HER TO KING DAVID. HER GAZE IS AVERTED; SHE SEEMS LOST IN THOUGHT; SHE LOOKS SAD BECAUSE SHE SENSES MISFORTUNE AHEAD... BUT NO ONE CAN REFUSE A KING.



TO MARRY BATHSHEBA, DAVID SENDS HER HUSBAND TO DIE IN BATTLE, AND TO PUNISH THE KING, YAHWEH CAUSES THEIR FIRST CHILD TO DIE... THAT MAKES THEM EVEN.

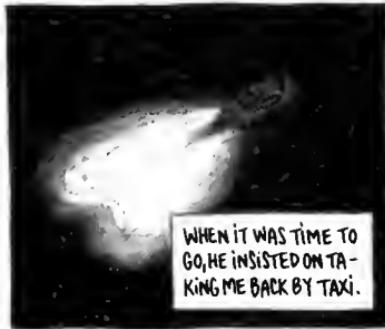
IT'S ALWAYS
SURPRISING TO
SEE WHAT YOU CAN
GET ACROSS WITH
A DOZEN WORDS
AND LOTS OF
GESTICULATING.



AH! CHRISTMAS MAGIC!



WHEN IT WAS TIME TO
GO, HE INSISTED ON TA-
KING ME BACK BY TAXI.





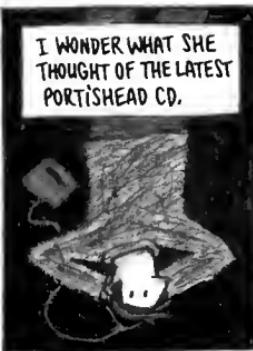
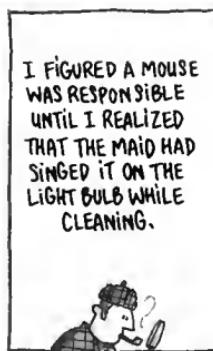
ALL THAT
ATTENTION
FROM SOMEONE
I HARDLY
KNEW, JUST
SO I COULD
HAVE A
MERRY
CHRISTMAS,
WAS
TOUCHING.



I WONDERED WHETHER THEY'D HAD SNOW BACK HOME FOR CHRISTMAS - I HOPED SO -
CHRISTMAS IS ALWAYS NICER WHEN IT SNOWS...



* FRENCH COMICS ANTHOLOGY PUBLISHED BY L'ASSOCIATION.



NEAR SHENZHEN,
THERE'S A TOWN YOU
CAN GET TO BY BUS
THAT'S SUPPOSED TO
HAVE MANY FOREIGNERS.



THIS SATURDAY, I'M
DETERMINED TO GO.

I'D BEEN TOLD WHERE TO WAIT AND WHICH
BUS TO TAKE.



ON A SCRAP OF PAPER: MY DESTINATION IN CHINESE.



HERE, THE SUN IS A NUISANCE.



PEOPLE SHIELD THEMSELVES
LIKE IT'S RADIOACTIVE ...



...
ESPECIALLY
THE GIRLS.





ONE THING'S
SURE: I'M
GOING TO
HONG KONG
NEXT WEEKEND.

AT LEAST
I'LL BE ABLE
TO COMMU-
NICATE
THERE.

WHAT NOW? THERE'S NOTHING TO DO BUT WORK OUT AT THE GYM. I GO THROUGH THE MOTIONS, BUT MY HEART ISN'T IN IT: I CAN'T GET MOTIVATED.



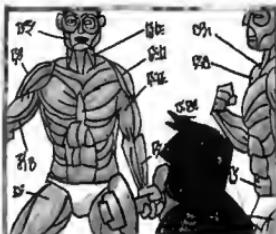
ALL THIS SOPHISTICATED EQUIPMENT TO WORK UP A SWEAT IN MUSCLES I'LL NEVER USE FOR ANYTHING ELSE.



WITH ALL THE
MUSCLES IN
THE HUMAN
BODY...

I'M NOT DONE.

MAYBE I COULD PICK ONE
THAT NOBODY HAS EVER THOUGHT
OF DEVELOPING AND REALLY
FOCUS ON IT...



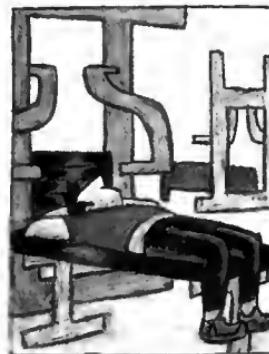
I KNOW: THE FUNNY BONE! WITH A BIT OF EXERCISE, IT MIGHT HURT LESS WHEN IT GETS BUMPED.



THEY SHOULD INVENT A MACHINE THAT WORKS ONLY THE FUNNY BONE.



AFTER TRAINING HARD FOR A FEW WEEKS, I COULD SHOW OFF AT CAFÉS.



IN THE LOCKER ROOM, I CHAT WITH AN AMERICAN WHO HAS BEEN WORKING HERE FOR A FEW MONTHS.



HE'S GOT TO BE THE ONLY MAN IN ALL OF CHINA WHO DOES AEROBICS.



WE END THE EVENING AT A RESTAURANT HE LIKES.

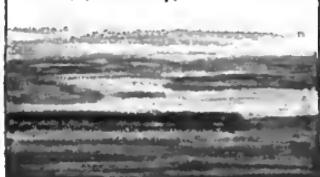




EVEN THOUGH HONG KONG, SINCE REUNIFICATION, IS ONCE AGAIN PART OF THE MIDDLE KINGDOM, YOU HAVE TO GO THROUGH PASSPORT CONTROLS ON BOTH SIDES OF THE BORDER.



YOU THEN CROSS A NO-MAN'S LAND BY TRAIN FOR OVER AN HOUR TO GET TO THE FIRST SUBWAY STATION IN THE NEW TERRITORIES (NORTH OF HONG KONG).



EVERYTHING IS CLEAN, THE KIOSKS ARE HIP (THEY WEAR THEIR JEANS LIKE LUCKY LUKE), I CAN READ ALL THE ADS ON THE WALLS... IT'S REVERSE CULTURE SHOCK.



AND WONDER OF WONDERS,
I BLEND IN
UNNOTICED!



THE WEEKEND IS ALREADY
A TOTAL SUCCESS.



HONG KONG IS SOMETHING LIKE A TROPICAL NEW YORK. THE PACE HERE REMINDS ME OF WESTERN CITIES: THERE ARE CAFÉS, BOOKSHOPS, MOVIE THEATRES, ALL KINDS OF BOUTIQUES, A BOTANICAL GARDEN...



AT THE MOVIES, YOU
CHOOSE YOUR SEAT...



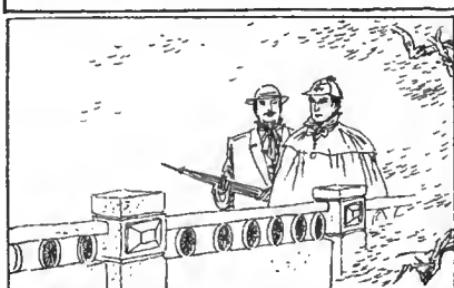
AT THE RECORD SHOP, I BUY A
PASCAL COMELADE CD THAT'S
PLAYING. HE'S HUGE HERE...



IN THE BOUTIQUES,
EVEN THE XL SHIRTS
ARE TOO TIGHT...



IN A BOOKSHOP, I FIND A SHERLOCK HOLMES
ADVENTURE SET IN A KIND OF SINO-LONDON.



IT'S GREAT TO BE
ABLE TO READ
THE MENU!

HMM...
SPAGHETTI
WITH
MEAT-
BALLS!



I STROLL AIMLESSLY THROUGH THE CITY, A BLISSFUL SMILE
STUCK TO MY FACE.



THERE ARE MANY TOURIST
ATTRACTIIONS. I DECIDE
TO TAKE A RIDE ON THE
TRAM THAT GOES UP
TO THE ISLAND'S PEAK.



WE CLIMB
STEEPLY AT
ALMOST 45°!



IF IT BREAKS
DOWN, WE'RE
TOAST!



CLAC CLIC
CLAC CLIC CLAC

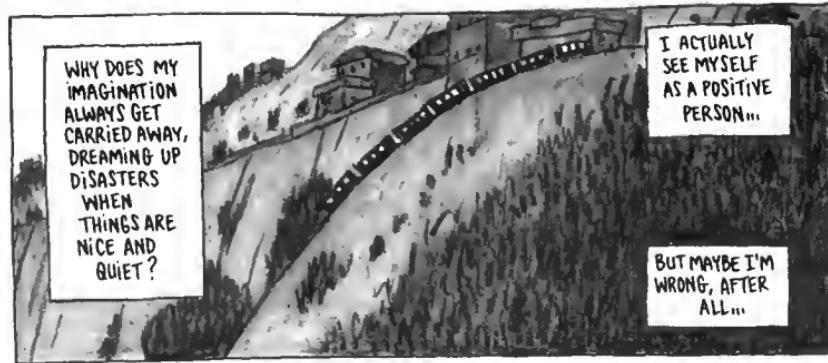
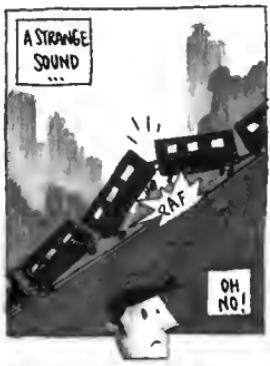


THERE'S NO
EMERGENCY EXIT...



AND THE WINDOWS
DON'T OPEN!





THE PEAK OFFERS GREAT PANORAMIC VIEWS OF THE CITY.



THE PERFECT PLACE TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED.



THERE'S EVEN A GUY WHO DOES JUST THAT.



STRANGELY ENOUGH, HE HAS HIS CLIENTS POSE AGAINST A BLUE BACKDROP.



HE THEN USES A COMPUTER TO OVERLAY A PHOTO OF THE CITY, EVEN THOUGH IT'S RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM.



NOT QUITE REAL, NOT REALLY FAKE. A SLIGHT DEVIATION FROM REALITY. WHAT A CONCEPT!



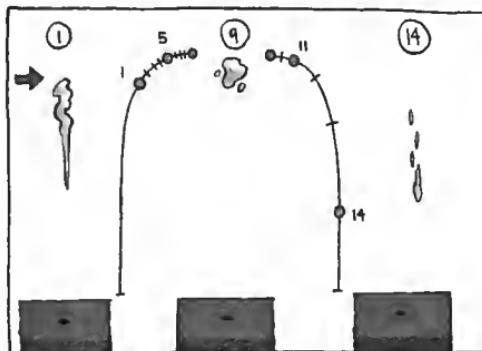
AT THE SUMMIT, THERE'S AN ENTERTAINING FOUNTAIN THAT SPOUTS JETS OF WATER IN A REGULAR RHYTHM.



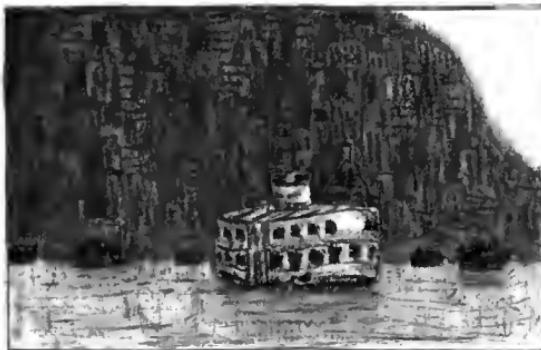
ANIMATOR'S REFLEX: I TRY TO BREAK DOWN THE MESMERIZING MOVEMENT, WHICH KEEPS REPEATING ITSELF ...



SURPRISINGLY, GIVEN THE FORCE OF THE WATER, THE FIRST KEY NEEDS TO BE LOCATED NEAR THE TOP OF THE TRAJECTORY.



EVEN IF YOU WATCH CAREFULLY, YOU CAN'T SEE THE WATER EMERGE FROM THE HOLE.



AFTER A NIGHT'S SLEEP, I GO DOWN TO THE PARK NEXT TO THE HOTEL. I FIND A BENCH NEAR A MAGNIFICENT CENTURY-OLD BANYAN TREE AND START TO DRAW IT...



UP AHEAD, ON ANOTHER BENCH, A MAN WITH A MIRROR USES NAIL CLIPPERS TO SHAVE THE FEW HAIRS ON HIS CHIN.



ON HONG KONG
ISLAND, THE
CONCEPT OF
YIN AND YANG
IS A PALPABLE
GEOGRAPHIC
FACT...



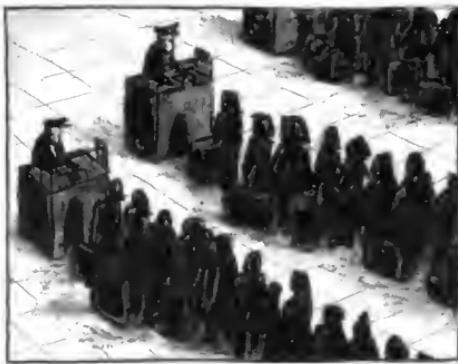
ONE SIDE IS FULL-OUT URBAN WITH ITS SKYSCRAPERS;
THE OTHER, TEN MINUTES BY BUS, HAS BEACHES WITH
SAND TO DIG YOUR TOES INTO.



MMM...
THE SOUND
OF WAVES

IF I COULD JUST
FORGET THAT I'M
GOING BACK TO
SHENZHEN IN
LESS THAN AN
HOUR, I MIGHT
EVEN BE ABLE
TO RELAX.





A YOUNG BUSINESSMAN BORROWS
A PEN TO FILL OUT HIS VISA
PAPERS.



AS HE GIVES IT BACK, THE PEN
SLIPS AND FALLS. HE PICKS IT
UP AND HANDS IT TO ME.



OOPS!
SORRY!



THANK YOU!

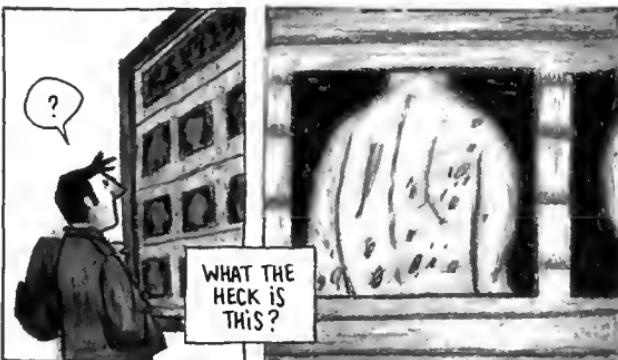


IT LOOKED LIKE A SECOND,
SMALLER THUMB, GRAFTED
ONTO THE FIRST.



COME TO THINK OF IT, BACK HOME YOU'D SAY A
CLUMSY PERSON IS ALL THUMBS...





THAT MORNING, I
WAS WEARING MY
VIETNAM T-SHIRT...



VIET-
NAM,
FLAG?



FOR ONCE I GET A
CHANCE TO TALK ABOUT
SOMETHING OTHER
THAN ANIMATION...



IN FRANCE
WE HAVE
COMMUNISTS
IN THE
GOVERNMENT.

OF COURSE, HE
RESPONDS BY
LAUGHING
...

IN CHINA, LAUGHTER
MASKS A VARIETY
OF EMOTIONS THAT
ARE DIFFICULT
FOR FOREIGNERS
TO INTERPRET.

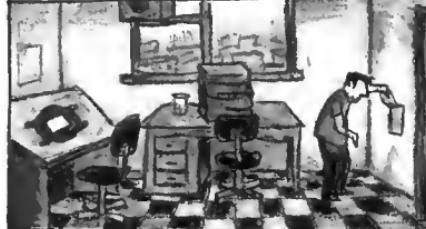
THAT WAS THE ONLY POLITICAL
STATEMENT I HEARD DURING THE
WHOLE OF MY STAY...



I'M AFRAID
OF
COMMUNISTS.



BUT THEN, I NEVER PRODDED, EITHER. GIVEN
THEIR SITUATION, DISTRUST SEEMS PERFECTLY
JUSTIFIED.



AT THE RATE THAT WE'RE GOING, I DOUBT
WE'LL BE ABLE TO WRAP UP THE SERIES
BEFORE I LEAVE...



I'M HOPING
THEY DON'T
ASK ME
TO STAY
ON...

I RUN INTO MR. LIN AT THE HOT WATER DISPENSER AND GIVE HIM A BOOK ON REMBRANDT I HAD BROUGHT BACK FROM MY WEEKEND IN HONG KONG...



HE SEEMS NEITHER SURPRISED
NOR PLEASED. HE JUST SAYS:

THANK YOU!



... AND GETS BACK TO WORK.

NEXT DAY, HE
REAPPEARS
WITH A BOOK
OF SKETCHES
FOR ME BY A
CHINESE ARTIST
I HAD ADMIRED
AT HIS PLACE.



I ALSO GIVE AN ENGLISH
NOVEL TO MY TRANSLATOR ...

THANK YOU!



... SHE NEVER MENTIONS
IT AGAIN.



I SPEND MOST OF MY EVENINGS READING, WORKING OUT AND WANDERING THROUGH SUPERMARKETS...



THEY'RE A NEW PHENOMENON HERE AND VERY LUXURIOUS. I SHOP WITH THE EMERGING BOURGEOISIE.



UNFORTUNATELY, THERE ARE TOO MANY WESTERN PRODUCTS.



I DO SOME RANDOM TESTING.



BESIDES WATCHING THE ADS ON LOCAL TV CHANNELS, IT'S THE MOST EXOTIC THING TO DO HERE.

FOR A WHILE, I TOUR ED THE BOOKSHOPS LOOKING FOR ART BOOKS... AND FOUND A FEW TREASURES THAT HOLD A SPECIAL PLACE ON MY SHELVES.



"TOWN DWELLINGS"

WANG CHI YUN



"IF I WERE THE DISTRICT MAYOR"

HU BUO ZHONG

THE SENSE OF COMPOSITION IS AMAZING!... EVEN IF YOU CAN'T READ THE TEXT, YOU CAN FEEL THE PRESSURE WEIGHING ON THE GIRL.

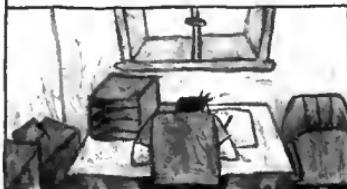


"HAI DEN, MASTER AND MONK"



ANOTHER BOOK OF CHILDREN'S DRAWINGS

THIS USE OF CLEAN LINE WAS A BIG INSPIRATION ON MY FIRST TRIP TO CHINA... I EVEN DREW THE FIRST PAGES OF A BOOK I WANTED TO DO.





BUT I COULDN'T FIND A PUBLISHER, SO I LET IT DROP.



SATURDAY?

YES, SURE ...

OK FINE.

CHEUN INVITES ME TO SPEND SATURDAY WITH HIM AND HIS GIRLFRIEND, WHO STUDIES ENGLISH AT THE UNIVERSITY OF BEIJING,

I MEANT TO GO BACK TO CANTON BUT I'D RATHER STAY HERE AND MEET PEOPLE, JUST TO HAVE A CHANCE TO TALK.



HM.

AFTER THREE MONTHS OF BODYBUILDING, MY STOMACH ISN'T ANY FLATTER ...



IT'S JUST FIRMER,
THAT'S ALL.

I GUESS NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO, SOME BELLIES ARE MADE TO LAST.



I REMEMBER THIS GUY FROM IRELAND...



HE
HAD AN
AMAZING
GUT!



ON A CHART, WE'D CHECK OFF EVERY BEER WE TOOK FROM THE RESERVES.



ONE DAY, AN ANIMATOR WHO DIDN'T GET ALONG WITH MANAGEMENT CALLED US ALL OUT INTO THE PARKING LOT.





I MEET TOM AS I LEAVE THE GYM AND WE GO FOR SUPPER.

LIKE ALL FOREIGNERS IN SHENZHEN, TOM WANTS TO CARVE OUT HIS OWN NICHE IN THE HUGE CHINESE MARKET. HE'S INTO E-COMMERCE AND THE INTERNET... IF HE MANAGES, HE'LL MAKE A FORTUNE.



WHILE HE PANS FOR GOLD IN THIS NEW KLONDIKE, HIS WIFE AND KIDS IN CALIFORNIA KEEP IN TOUCH BY E-MAIL.

TOM SPEAKS CHINESE, WHICH IS HANDY...



SO IF YOU DON'T SPEAK CHINESE, YOU
DON'T UNDERSTAND 'EM...
AND IF YOU DO SPEAK IT, YOU
STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND 'EM...

HM,

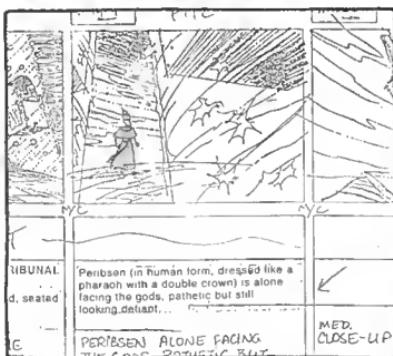




BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER THE DETAILS



SOME DAYS ARE LIKE THAT.



I GET A CALL FROM PARIS.
THERE ARE TWO
EPISODES LEFT
TO SUPERVISE,
BUT THEY'LL
MANAGE BY FAX
AND PHONE. I
WON'T HAVE TO
EXTEND MY STAY!

OH...
OKAY.

HUH!

THOSE LAST TWO EPISODES
ARE GOING TO BE HELL.



CHEUN
LIVES
DOWNTOWN.

THE FLAT
IS ON
LOAN
FROM HIS
COMPANY.

IT'S UNDECORATED; THE WALLS ARE ALL WHITE.
IN THE LIVING ROOM, A HUGE BLACK LEATHER
SOFA FACES A TV VCR WITH SPEAKERS.





PEOPLE JOIN US AND WE HAVE A LITTLE GAME. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE, I'M THE TALLEST PERSON ON THE COURT.



THEN BACK INSIDE FOR MORE TV WITH HIS MUTE GIRLFRIEND.

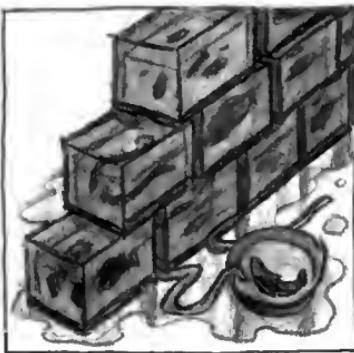


I'M HUNGRY EARLY...

TO PLEASE ME, CHEUN WANTS TO TREAT ME TO WESTERN FOOD: STEAK, HAMBURGER, FRIES, ETC....



LUCKILY, I MANAGE TO REDIRECT HIS PLANS BY SAYING I WANT TO EAT FISH.



I'M INVITED TO DELIVER THE LAST RITES.

UH... LET'S SEE... THAT ONE, THE BIG ONE!



CHEUN ALSO ORDERS SNAKE.



THE WAITER RETURNS
WITH TWO GLASSES.
THE FIRST HAS A
BIT OF ALCOHOL
MIXED WITH
SNAKE BLOOD.



IT DOESN'T LOOK APPETIZING,
BUT IT GOES DOWN.



"VERY APHRODISIAC,"
CHEUN TELLS ME.

IT'S MAKING ME
A NICE LEG!*

*FRENCH EXPRESSION: "FAT LOT
OF GOOD THAT'LL DO ME!"

A PIECE OF SNAKE
ENTRAILS (THE
BLADDER, I THINK)
IS FLOATING IN THE
SECOND GLASS.



CHEUN MASHES IT WITH
HIS SPOON. A GREEN
LIQUID LEAKS OUT, GIVING
THE CONTENTS A NICE
ABSINTHE COLOR.



THIS ONE IS VERY GOOD
FOR THE CIRCULATION,
I'M TOLD.



THE TASTE, THOUGH, IS REVOLTING. IT'S
ONE OF THE FEW FOODS I DIDN'T
ENJOY IN CHINA.



BUT EATING REMAINED
THE BIGGEST PLEASURE
OF MY STAY.



AFTER THE MEAL, THEY TAKE
ME BACK TO THE HOTEL.



HIS GIRLFRIEND HADN'T SAID
A DOZEN WORDS ALL NIGHT.



HEY! I
OPENED
THE DOOR
ON MY OWN!



IN THREE
MONTHS,
I'VE NEVER
TOUCHED
THAT
KNOB!

COLONIAL
REFLEXES KICK
IN AND I THINK:
"WHERE'S THE
DOORMAN? HE'S
NOT DOING
HIS JOB..."



ONE MORE WEEK...
IT'S TIME TO GO:
I'M PICKING
UP BAD HABITS.



THAT NIGHT,
WATCHING A
FRESHLY PIRATED
FILM PLAYING ON
THE HOTEL'S CLOSED
CIRCUIT TV, I
EAT A WHOLE
BAG OF SOUR-
TASTING SEEDS.

IT'S THE LATEST JAMES BOND.
THE FILM WAS TAPE IN A
MOVIE THEATRE USING A CAM-
CORDER... YOU CAN SEE THE HEADS
OF THE PEOPLE IN THE FRONT ROW
AND HEAR THEM LAUGHING.



AT ONE POINT, THE CAMERA
TIPTS TO ONE SIDE.



NEXT DAY, MY LIPS
ARE SWOLLEN AND
MY TONGUE IS
TINGLING.



I THOUGHT I
WAS PROPERLY
PREPARED.



I HAD KEPT MY OLD TICKET, I
HAD CHECKED THE SCHEDULE.
I'D EVEN COME BACK TO FIND
THE TICKET FOR THE TRAIN
TO CANTON.



BUT TODAY,
IT'S SHUT.



I TRY TO GET INFORMATION OUT OF A COP.



HE GIVES ME VAGUE DIRECTIONS...

THERE?
STRAIGHT AHEAD?
TO THE LEFT? WHERE?

I TRY ANOTHER TICKET AT RANDOM...



他有
機智
智慧

SUPER!



THIS IS ABSURD. ALL I WANTED
WAS TO SPEND MY LAST WEEK-
END IN CANTON.

THERE'S
SOMEBODY
WHO SEEMS
TO KNOW WHAT
HE'S DOING,



BINGO!



IN CANTON, I GET OUT AT THE YOUTH HOSTEL.



IT'S GOT SINGLE ROOMS THAT AREN'T EXPENSIVE.

ON THE DOOR, THE USUAL RULES: THERE'S A \$6 FINE FOR LIGHTING FIREWORKS IN THE ROOM, AND RADIATIVE WEAPONS ARE NOT ALLOWED IN THE HOSTEL.



THE HOSTEL IS LOCATED IN THE FORMER EUROPEAN ENCLAVE. SET BACK FROM THE CITY HUBBUB, IT'S THE PERFECT PLACE FOR A QUIET STROLL.



I'M QUICKLY ACCOSTED BY A CHINESE STUDENT.



HE OFFERS TO JOIN ME SO WE CAN GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER. I'M NOT SURE... HE SPEAKS ENGLISH LIKE A SPANISH COW!





TO MAKE OUT A FEW FAMILIAR SOUNDS AND WORDS, I HAVE TO PAY CONSTANT ATTENTION AND MAKE HIM REPEAT EVERY SENTENCE AT LEAST THREE TIMES.

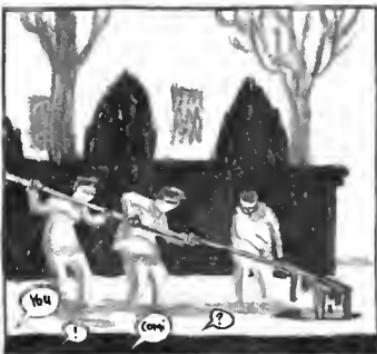


IT SOON GETS TIRED.



THE FOOD IS EXCELLENT.

AFTER A WHILE, MY ATTENTION STRAYS AND I WATCH TWO WORKERS BEHIND MY TALKATIVE COMPANION, UNBLOCKING SEWER DRAINS WITH A BAMBOO STICK.



I SUDDENLY REALIZE THEY'RE NOT WORKERS AT ALL, BUT TWO COOKS FROM THE RESTAURANT.





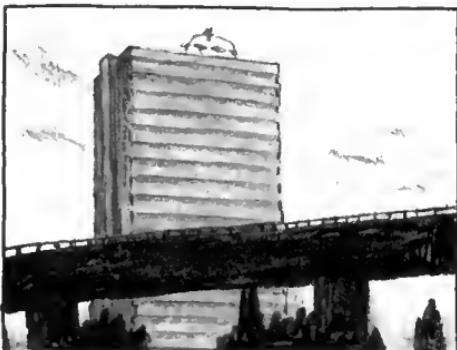
I COME ACROSS THE SACRÉ COEUR CATHEDRAL, LOST IN A LABYRINTH OF ALLEYS...



THE MARKETS SELL JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING THAT MOVES
...
CATS, FOR INSTANCE

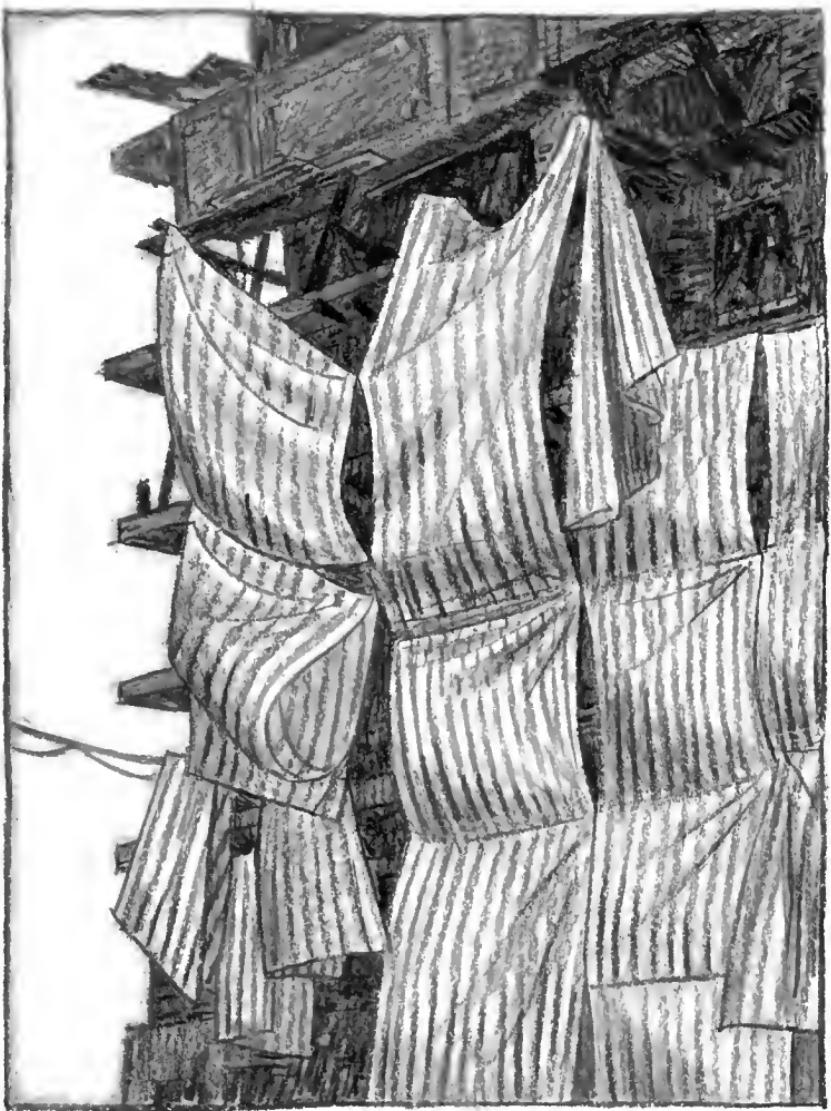


HA
HA
HA



PASSING BY A FANCY RESTAURANT, I SEE AN OSTRICH IN THE KITCHEN.





I LOOK (UNSUCCESSFULLY) BEHIND THE FRIENDSHIP STORE FOR A CHRISTIAN CEMETERY,
THE SUPPOSED BURIAL SITE OF A NUMBER OF GIRLS KILLED BY CANADIAN NUNS.



PROPAGANDA? I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING MORE INOFFENSIVE THAN A CANADIAN NUN.



IN THE PUBLIC TOILETS, THE MOOD IS CONTEMPLATIVE.



BY WAY OF AN ALTAR,
THERE'S A SINK. I
CLEANSE MY HANDS.





THE PROBLEM WITH
CANADA IS THAT
IT'S MISSING A
CARDINAL POINT.

THE SOUTH IS OK, EVERYONE'S GLUED TO THE BORDER. EAST AND WEST ARE FINE TOO... BUT THE NORTH, NO ONE REALLY KNOWS WHERE IT ENDS!



HUDSON BAY? THE NORTH WEST TERRITORIES? THE ARCTIC CIRCLE? BAFFIN ISLAND? AFTER THAT, IT'S ALL ICE. YOU CAN'T EVEN TELL IF THERE'S GROUND UNDERFOOT!



HOW CAN ANYONE EXPECT TO KNOW WHERE THEY'RE GOING IN A COUNTRY THAT HAS NO NORTH?



THE PROBLEM DOESN'T EXIST ANYWHERE ELSE... FRANCE EVEN HAS AN ADMINISTRATIVE REGION CALLED "THE NORTH".



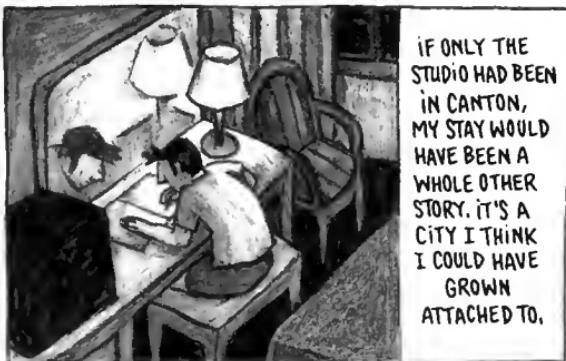
IF YOU ASK ME, CANADA NEEDS TO REDRAW ITS NORTHERN BORDER SO PEOPLE CAN SITUATE THEMSELVES, PSYCHOLOGICALLY SPEAKING.





I HEAD BACK,
PRETTY LIT, AND
STOP FOR A LONG
TIME TO ADMIRE
THE BANYANS THAT
LINE THE STREET,
BLENDING INTO THE
WARM EVENING
HAZE IN THE
DISTANCE.







IT'S A PLEASURE TO
HEAR HIM TELL A
STORY: THE RISING
TENSION, THE
PERFECTLY TIMED
SILENCE THAT LEAVES
THE LISTENER
HANGING AND THE
PUNCH LINE THAT
DROPS CLEAN

...



DESPITE THE
MAJOR
DIFFERENCES
THAT SEPARATE
EAST AND WEST,
I THINK WE
SHARE THE
SAME NARRA-
TIVE TECHNIQUES
WHEN IT COMES
TO SPOKEN
LANGUAGE.



THAT MAKES
ONE THING WE
HAVE IN COMMON,



TO LEARN MORE ABOUT CHINESE HUMOR, I CONVINCE
AN ANIMATOR TO TELL ME A JOKE ...

A
WEALTHY
MANDARIN THREW
A PARTY AND
BOASTED THAT HE
COULD GIVE HIS
GUESTS
EVERYTHING
BUT THE
MOON.



SUDDENLY A
SERVANT CAME IN
TO SAY THERE WASN'T
ENOUGH WOOD FOR
THE FIRE.



AND SO THE
MANDARIN SAID:
"EVERYTHING BUT
THE MOON AND
FIREWOOD."





PUSH THE SIMILARITY TO THE EXTREME IN ORDER TO GET TWO DAYS THAT ARE PERFECTLY IDENTICAL.



THE GOAL IS TO SEE IF IDENTICAL CONTEXTS PRODUCE IDENTICAL THOUGHTS.



ARTISTS WHO INK THEIR OWN PENCILS KNOW THE FEELING...



GOING OVER THE SAME LINES, THE SAME THOUGHTS RESURFACE.



IT FIGURES ...
OH WELL,
AT LEAST
THAT MAKES
ONE DAY
LESS LEFT
TO GO,

IN THE END,
IT DOESN'T WORK...

THOUGHTS JUST AREN'T THAT EASY TO KEEP UNDER CONTROL.



MORNINGS, I WALK ALONG A STREET WHERE PEOPLE LAY OUT THEIR DIPLOMAS,
WAITING FOR JOB OFFERS.



EVENINGS, THEY'RE OFTEN REPLACED BY A BARBER WHO GIVES WORKERS FROM A CONSTRUCTION SITE NEXT DOOR A TRIM, ONE AFTER THE OTHER.



THE POWER IS OUT AT THE GYM. THE CLIENTS LEAVE, DISAPPOINTED...



I INSIST ON GOING UP. IT'S STILL LIGHT OUT AND AFTER ALL, THE MACHINES WORK ON MUSCLE POWER...



IN THE LOCKER ROOM, I COME ACROSS A STRANGELY SHAPED OLD MAN.



JUST LIKE A RING CAN DEFORM A FINGER WITH TIME, HIS BELT SEEMS TO HAVE DUG A HOLLOW INTO HIS WAIST OVER THE YEARS.



MAKES YOU WONDER IF WE ADJUST TO OUR CLOTHES MORE THAN THEY DO TO US.



I'M ON MY OWN, AND IT'S NOT UNPLEASANT. ESPECIALLY SINCE I DON'T HAVE TO LISTEN TO WHITNEY HOUSTON YOWL THROUGH THE SPEAKERS IN A NEVER-ENDING LOOP...





NIGHT FALLS SLOWLY, AND THE GUY WHO USUALLY MANAGES THE JUICE BAR SETS OUT DOZENS OF CANDLES IN THE GYM.



AND TO ADD TO THE MAGIC OF THIS UNFORGETTABLE MOMENT, I HEAR HIM IN A ROOM NEXT DOOR, SINGING A LITLING SONG THAT SOUNDS LIKE IT'S OUT OF A FAIRYTALE.

IF I DRAW ALL THESE ANECDOTES ONE DAY, IT WILL PROBABLY LOOK LIKE I HAD A GREAT TIME HERE.

TAKEN OUT OF CONTEXT, EVEN BOREDOM CAN PROBABLY SUBLIMATE ITSELF AND SEEM ENTERTAINING ...

IT'S A BIT LIKE MEMORY.

THE LAST DAY IS QUIET. THERE'S NOT MUCH TO DO.

AND LIKE EVERY FRIDAY, MY TRANSLATOR COMES TO ASK:

YOU COME TO WORK TOMORROW?

I EXPLAIN THAT I'M GOING TO HONG KONG TOMORROW TO CATCH MY FLIGHT.

BACK TO CANADA!

NO, I LIVE IN FRANCE NOW.

OH! YOU LIVE IN FRANCE!

I LOVE FRANCE!

YOU KNOW I SPEAK "UN PEU FRANCAIS".

IN OUR LAST HALF HOUR TOGETHER, WE GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER.

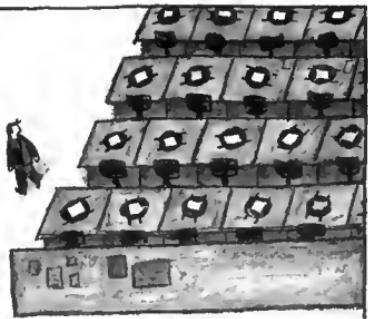
BUT ON HER WAY OUT,
SHE LEAVES A WAIST-HIGH
PILE OF SEQUENCES
FOR ME TO CHECK.



I WORK
INTO THE
NIGHT.



WHEN I'M
DONE, THE
STUDIO IS
EMPTY.







DELISLE.



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